Class PR5449
Book .S5W5
1865

Whispers in the Palms.

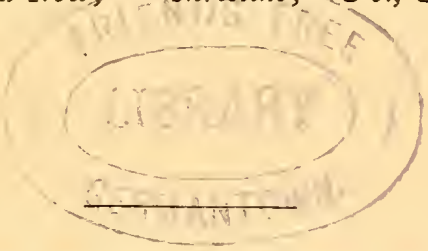
HYMNS AND MEDITATIONS

BY

ANNA SHIPTON,

AUTHOR OF

"The Brook in the Way;" "Tell Jesus: Recollections of Emily Gosse;" "Saved Now;" "Christine;" &c., &c.



"I SAT DOWN UNDER HIS SHADOW WITH GREAT DELIGHT, AND HIS FRUIT WAS SWEET TO MY TASTE."

Sol. Song ii. 3.

Third Edition.

LONDON:

MORGAN AND CHASE,

38, LUDGATE HILL.

c1865

PR5449
.S5W5
1865

LONDON:
MORGAN AND CHASE
LUDGATE HILL.

Exchange
Friends Free Library
Oct. 16, 1933

PREFACE

TO THE THIRD EDITION.

"There are, it may be, so many kinds of voices in the world, and none of them is without signification."—1 Cor. xiv. 10.

THERE is an eastern tradition of the Palm Tree, that when its leaves quiver in the wind, they whisper the holy name of Jesus, which the listener never hears but once. Among the goodly branches borne by a rejoicing multitude, and strewn at the feet of the Lord, once rose the glad welcome whose echoes still vibrate in every believer's heart, "Hosanna! blessed is the King of Israel!" Amid the waving palms of the redeemed host, who "came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb," will for ever ascend, "Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the Throne, and unto the Lamb." Distinct as

2799

though heaven resounded with no triumphant song, as though angelic choirs were silent, are heard the faint cry of the afflicted, the plaint of the sin-wounded, the broken hymn of praise. Sweet sound these minor harmonies to the ever-listening ear of HIM who gave the Lamb to be slain, for each whisper is winged with "the Name which is above all other," even the holy name of JESUS.

There is, however, a secret contained in this chosen emblem, which is the source and power of the believer's spiritual life. The Holy Ghost teaches it, without exception, to all who receive the kingdom of God as a little child.

The palm is not taken up for the first time before the throne of God and the Lamb. We triumph already in the battles fought for us. Victory is won; victory over sin and death, victory over the world and Satan. In faith let us go forth with songs of praise to gather the spoil, even as the army of Jehoshaphat. (2 Chron. xx. 21, 22.)

Wave *this* palm, O trembling believer. Behold your sins for ever taken away by the sacrifice of the cross, and liberty from their dominion secured by the adorable ransom! Follow, then, a conquering Saviour! reap the fruit of His triumph! and by that

act of faith you shall recognize, not once, but for ever, the secret enfolded in the precious Name it whispers.

In the realized light of that glory sin shall lose its power, and sorrow be robbed of its bitterness. Every billow that breaks upon your homeward way shall bear a message of everlasting love from Him in whose presence is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

He who bade us bear each other's burdens blesses the weakest things, and things which are despised, to His service. May He prosper this feeble ministration, by waking an echo in some sorrowful heart at the feet of Jesus, that shall swell the glad song before the throne, in praise and glory to the Triune God, the Great Jehovah!

A. S.

London, October, 1865.

INDEX.

	Page
Are the pearly portals open?	18
Arouse thee, laggard Soul—awake—awake!	66
As for the pleasant water brooks	90
As late I paused, in mournful musing, o'er	108
"As thy day thy strength shall be"	80
A thousand voices rise on high	102
Be still, be still. Oh! hush the woe	96
Captive by Babylon's bright streams	128
Christ hath said He will receive me	170
Christ the Lord hath risen	177
Christ, who the mourner's plea	143
Closed is the lattice, Lord; joy enters not	16
Come thou into the sunlight, child	153
Dark my shadowed path below	100
Down in the pleasant pastures	119
Enlighten my dark mind to read aright	145
Fair is our Zion's promised land	11
Farewell, friend, till the shadows flee away	28
Far from the faithful pilgrim band	81
Father, for pleasant paths on earth	75
Father, my cup is full!	164
Father, on yon shadowy shore	130

	Page
Free flows the Fountain: though as scarlet	167
Friends frown or fall away	35
Gird up thy loins, be shod with peace	172
Give smiles to them whose hearts are glad	114
God guideth all His children home	32
Go forth, though weeping, bearing precious seed	93
Hark! from the cotter's hearth ascends	68
Hark! the innumerable throng	1
"Hear Him!" My God, in Thee I rest	22
Hear me, my God; and if my lip hath dared	63
How shall I praise Thee, O my God?	15
I am going, mother, I am going	57
I am going to my home, dear one	136
I bow me down at Calvary	155
If I look within, O Lord	160
I have been in the wilderness, but it was sweet to be	174
I mused on the pain and the terror	110
In a fair and fencéd garden	55
In the deep stillness of this silent hour	34
It was no wealth thou gavest me	36
I will lift up mine eyes	116
I will not fear the shadows o'er me creeping	52
Jesus, Master! hear my cry	133
Know'st thou, O soul, that in yon blesséd sphere?	47
Life's fever dream is over: on her breast	123
Lisping voices in the wild wood	38
Lord, I fain would learn Thy will	158
Lord, I have wandered from Thy ways	134
Lord, I strive to murmur not	176
Lord, Thou art my Shepherd	165
Lord, though I weep, my voice I raise	166
Lord, when the waves of sorrow rage	148
"Mind you remember me!" Each lisping word	88
My heart rejoicing in Thy love	42

Page

My soul forgets the fetters that she wears . . . 7
Nearer and nearer, day by day, the distant voices come . 79
Never on my ear thus faintly 104
No angel, Lord, I wait to see 94
Not only for the light of loving hearts . . . 140
O anxious, brooding heart! be still, and learn . . 86
O dreary world! O mournful life! . . . 48
Oh, mockingly to mourner's heart the songs of victory come 71
Oh, mourn not for me, for I weep no more . . 135
Oh, never say a careless word 125
Oh, say not life must ever be a vale of tears and woe . 70
Oh, tell me no more of the days to come . . . 109
O Lord, I would not choose the way, nor place . . 53
O loving and beloved, couldst thou not watch? . . 13
On the shore of the blue Atlantic 117
Open, ye everlasting gates 19
O Saviour, hear a little child 149
O Soul, that backward turn'st thy gaze . . . 59
Perplexed, world-wearied with the strife . . . 76
Room for our treasure, closéd tomb . . . 44
Sad heart, hast thou no joys to number? . . . 175
Sow ye beside all waters 4
Say not, "'Twas all in vain" 54
Send not Thine angel Death, O my loved Lord . . 104
She left her pitcher at the well, and to her home returned 64
Shun not the paths where weary hearts . . . 29
Sorrow, thou art God's angel! On thy track . . 90
Speak to me, Lord! Not in the thunder-cloud . . 92
Spirit of my absent one! 150
Stretch forth thy hand, O Lord of hosts! Behold . 168
Sweetly through the vault of heaven . . . 124
Take it meekly, wear it gladly 8
Take thy rest in Jesus 157
The leaves of the chesnut are changing . . . 23

Page

There is a straight and narrow path . . . 87
There's joy in heaven! Earth, dost thou, too, share? . 66
The river floweth onward 45
The trackless desert's burning sand . . . 83
They come, the holy legion 141
Thou hast no pang of hidden grief . . . 30
Thou, my friend, that stooped to love me . . 112
'Tis, O Lord, our consolation 72
'Twas love, abounding love, that won . . . 98
Weeping, we leave our blesséd dead . . . 161
"Weep not!" how vain the words! how sad in sorrow . 37
What treasures hast Thou, Lord, for them who seek! . 169
When Jesus first upon my vision stole . . . 14
Where is he? Where the summer buds are springing . 147
Where'er I rest mine eyes, O Lord . . . 121
Who are they whose songs are sounding? . . 163
Why weep'st thou, daughter, in the dust? . . 145
With each soul, upon its birth 129
Work in me, Lord! I would labour . . . 99

WHISPERS IN THE PALMS.

THE PALM BEARERS.

"I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands."

REV. vii. 9.

MARK! the innumerable throng,
Saved from earth's remotest bounds,
Sing their everlasting song:
Through the golden gate it sounds.
Christ hath loved them, every one;
He hath led them by the hand:
Souls redeemed, before the throne
Now with palms behold them stand.

Hark! the voices sweetly rise;
Like the angel's rushing wing,
As it cleaves its native skies,
Joyful tidings home to bring.

"We the toil and burden bore,
But the noontide heat is done;
Earthly warfare now is o'er,
And our happy rest is won.

Lamb of God! Thy temple's dower
Is the light that fadeth never:
Glory, might, salvation, power,
Be unto our God for ever."

Hark! 'tis a breath among the palms, low surging deep,
Falling in tender minors, now once more
Blending in heavenly harmonies, as creep
The rippling wavelets on the shelving shore.

Joy amid the angel throng!
Heaven is thrilled by her sweet song,
Who had sought her Lord to greet,
Washed with tears her Saviour's feet;
At His presence bowing down,
Heedless all of Simon's frown;
Suffering, weeping, mourning, shriven,—
Much she loved, was much forgiven.

Holier, purer far was she,
Much forgiven, loving much,
Than the righteous Pharisee,
Shrinking from her tainted touch:
Precious is the Lamb once slain,
To the sinful Magdalen.
See! her palm is raised on high:
Sweet her song: "Oh, Victory!
Victory through the Lamb of God,
The Lamb for sinners slain!
He redeemed my soul by blood,
And washed from every stain."

And now a deeper note from myriad voices swells;
Loud peals the joyful praise, and as the echoes fall,
One name, one blissful word, a tale of mercy tells,
Of Saul of Tarsus, persecuting Saul!

'Tis the servant faithful proved;
Lo! the cross he layeth down
At the Master's feet beloved,
And from Him receives the crown.
Many a wanderer draweth near;
He hath warned them far and wide,
Wiped the weeping sinner's tear,
Preached to men the Crucified.
"Holy, holy, holy, Lord!
Thou Thy flock hast guided home;
Thou by ransomed hosts adored,
Who wast, and art, and art to come.
Blessing, glory, and thanksgiving,
Wisdom, honour, power, might,
To the Son, the ever living!
To the Lamb, the temple's light!"

An infant voice ascends, as a palm is raised on high,
Like the nightingale's soft strain, at evening heard,
Brimful of love and heavenly melody,
But bearing on its breath one holy word.

"JESUS!" 'tis a whisper soft,
From a little tender child;
Yet that echo soars aloft,
For on Jesu's face he smiled.
Fearless soul! he soars above,
Breathing but that holy name;
Sweet 'mid seraphs' songs of love,
This clear lisping cadence came:
"On yon dark sphere's rolling sea,
Summers four have passed o'er me;
Jesus! suffer me to come,
Thou in love hast called me home.

Fond arms would have held me there,
All the cares of life to share;
Thou wert wiser, kinder. Lo!
I am come Thy love to know.
Childhood's days in heaven shall be,
And Thy child shall learn of Thee."
Praise! Glory! to the Lamb!
To Him our songs shall rise:
He was the first—He is the last—
He makes our Paradise.

THE DAY LABOURER.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."—Ecc. xi. 6.

OW ye beside all waters,
Where the dew of heaven may fall;
Ye shall reap, if ye be not weary;
For the Spirit breathes o'er all.
Sow, though the thorns may wound thee;
One wore the thorns for thee;
And, though the cold world scorn thee,
Patient and hopeful be.
Sow ye beside all waters,
With a blessing and a prayer;
Name Him whose hand upholds thee,
And sow thou every where.

Sow when the sunlight sheddeth
Its warm and cheering ray;
For the rain of heaven descendeth
When the sunbeams pass away.

Sow when the tempest lowers;
For calmer days will break,
And the seed, in darkness nourished,
A goodly plant will make.
Sow when the morning breaketh
In beauty o'er the land;
And, when the evening falleth,
Withhold not thou thine hand.

Sow, though the rock repel thee,
In its cold and sterile pride,
Some cleft may there be riven,
Where the little seed may hide.
Fear not; for some will flourish;
And, though the tares abound,
Like the willows by the waters
Will the scattered grain be found.
Work while the daylight lasteth,
Ere the shades of night come on;
Ere the Lord of the vineyard cometh,
And the labourer's work is done.

Work in the wild waste places,
Though none thy love may own;
God marks the down of the thistle
The wandering wind hath sown.
Will Jesus chide thy weakness,
Or call thy labour vain?
The Word that for Him thou bearest
Shall return to Him again.
On! with thy heart in Heaven,
Thy strength—thy Master's might,
Till the wild waste places blossom
In the warmth of a Saviour's light.

Sow by the wayside gladly,
In the damp dark caverns low,
Where sunlight never reacheth,
Nor healthful streamlets flow;
Where the withering air of poison
Is the young bud's earliest breath,
And the wild unwholesome blossom
Bears in its beauty—death.
The ground impure, o'ertrodden
By life's disfiguring years,
Though blood and guilt have stained it,
May yet be soft from tears.

Watch not the clouds above thee;
Let the whirlwind round thee sweep;
God may the seed-time give thee,
But another's hand may reap.
Have faith, though ne'er beholding
The seed burst from its tomb,
Thou know'st not which may prosper,
Or whether all shall bloom.
Room on the narrowest ridges
The ripening grain will find,
That the Lord of the harvest coming,
In the harvest sheaves may bind.

THE PRISONER.

"Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest. Lo, then would I wander far off, and remain in the wilderness."
PSALM lv. 6, 7.

MY soul forgets the fetters that she wears,
And upward soars and sings:
Like captive bird, fast tethered to the stake,
Soon droop her weary wings.
The blue sky, in the summer sunshine, seems
Each moment yet more near;
Till now the cord recalls the bird to earth,
And dumb he falleth here.
Ay, dumb he lies! but deep within his heart
Still rests his half-sung hymn,
To swell in rapturous tones of love and joy,
When freedom comes to him.

So garner up, O Soul! each glimpse of home,
Vouchsafed by heavenly love:
Soon shall the silver cord be loosed, and thou
Shalt wing thy way above.
Though solitude and darkness now be thine,
Yet count on cloudless days,
When thy glad voice shall break the silence deep,
With hymns of glorious praise.
In yon far home, where thy free song shall rise,
The Spoiler entereth not;
There summer days alone remembered are,
And sin and tears forgot.

THE CROWN OF THORNS.

"Ye shall drink indeed of my cup, and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with."—MATT. xx. 23.

"Unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on Him, but also to suffer for His sake."—PHIL. i. 29.

AKE it meekly, wear it gladly,
Holy ensign of our faith!
Doth the exile wander sadly,
Freed from danger, and from death?
As his footstep homeward turns,
Little recks he of the thorns.

Sing then loudly, ransomed spirit,
Let the captives hear thee sing;
Thou the Promise shalt inherit,
Wandering child of Israel's King.
Think of Him: then, bending down,
Take thy cross, and wear thy crown.

Thou art lonely—He was lonely;
Dost thou at thy lot repine?
Thou thy burden bearest only;
But He bore His grief—and thine.
Yea, for thee that crown was worn,
'Twas thy sin that wove the thorn.

Priestly pomp, and princely splendour,
Greet not Him who came to save.
Doth the earth her tribute render?
All she gives Him is a grave:
Gold nor gem His brow adorns,
Nothing but a Crown of Thorns.

Hands outstretched, the sinner seeking,
Eyes that wept o'er human woe,
Lips but love and pity speaking,
Mark the path He trod below.
While His love the alien scorns,
Child, bless thou the Crown of Thorns!

Track His footsteps, thou shalt borrow
Light, that loneliest life endears;
Glory gilds the crown of sorrow,
Washed with blood, and bright with tears.
Not unseen His loved ones mourn,
Known to Christ is every thorn.

Dost thou murmur? dost thou wonder
Why this path He bade thee tread?
He who reigns in glory yonder
Had not where to lay His head.
Though thy pathway seemeth dim,
Yet it leads to heaven—and Him.

Sinful soul! with cords I bound Him,
Till upon the cross He died;
With the thorny chaplet crowned Him,
And that crown He sanctified.
Welcome, then, the crown of shame,
Which for me on Jesus came.

Is it meet a homeless stranger
Rest within that world should gain,
Free from sorrow, free from danger,
Where his Lord and King was slain?
Christian pilgrim, be content
With the desert and the tent.

Take thy crown, for Christ hath blessed it:
If thy weary heart should fail,
On the Rock of Ages rest it;
Gates of hell shall not prevail.
Shrink not, though the world may scorn,
Christ hath numbered every thorn.

Take it gladly, crown of glory;
Angels, with admiring eyes,
Read redemption's wondrous story:
Now the conflict—then the prize.
Follow Him, whose bleeding brow
Gave thee right to wear it now.

Every tear the Saviour numbered,
Every woe hath Jesus weighed,
Nor His love or care hath slumbered
Since He placed it on thy head,
Soul, by tribulation driven,
Child of God, and heir of heaven.

O my soul! do thou surrender
Sorrow's chaplet to His care,
For I know His love so tender:
Not one thorn too much is there.
Let each wound a whisper be,
"Take thy cross and follow ME."

Lamb of God, and Man of Sorrow,
Shed Thy Holy Spirit down;
For the night must have its morrow,
And the thorns are still a crown.
If reserved for only Thine,
Let the thorny crown be mine.

Lo, I take it! On my weakness
Look Thou, Lord, in pity down;
Let me learn Thy holy meekness,
Fit me here to wear the crown.
Thou wilt leave me not forlorn,
Myrtles shall supplant the thorn.

When it presses me the sorest,
When the bitter cup I sip,
Let me feel the crown Thou worest
Gives the sweetest fellowship:
Diademed with rubies rare,
Precious blood-drops sparkling there.

Teach me, Lord, the hands that wove it
Wove it not without Thy will;
Bless it, Lord, and I shall love it:
Through the thorns I see Thee still.
Thou in grief art ever nigh;
I will wear it patiently.

THE PROMISED LAND.

"The Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Send thou men, that they may search the land of Canaan, which I give unto the children of Israel."—NUM. xiii. 1.

"Their inward thought is, that their houses shall continue for ever, and their dwelling-places to all generations: they call their lands after their own names."—PSALM xlix. 11.

FAIR is our Zion's Promised Land,
And gloriously her mansions shine:
Art thou of Israel's wandering band?
Then all that land of light is thine.

On yonder steep hangs high thy crown,
  There—where the new song now is sung!
And He who cast the angels down,
  Holdeth for thee a harp new strung.

Then place thy foot upon the Rock,
  Thy hand upon the Promise stay;
Fear thou no more the tempest's shock,
  For none shall rend thy foot away.

Oh, mount up on Faith's radiant wings!
  Press on, the Promised Land to view!
Leave thou on earth thy tear-stained strings,
  And join the song for ever new.

No more thy hands supinely fold,
  For ransomed souls the way have trod;
Soar up where Jesus led! Behold
  The glorious city of our God!

Why dost thou closer clasp thy chains,
  And earth's dark chambers still explore,
When stretched beyond lie Eshcol's plains,
  And Faith can waft thee to the shore?

Prophets and kings desired to look
  Upon the glories thou mayst share,
And earth's poor fleeting joys forsook,
  To watch for Him who reigneth there.

Men love the home that bears their name,
  Join field to field, and mark them well;
And many a thought those chambers claim,
  Where they and all their loved ones dwell.

Of distant shore when strangers speak,
Of balmy airs and spicy bowers,
That cloudless land they long to seek;
Yet—is that clime so fair as ours?

Home in the land that is our own,
So fair, so fadeless, and so nigh,
Where tears and night are never known,
Wins not from them one wandering sigh.

O homeless ones and weary, turn!
Let Zion's hope your thoughts engage:
Oh that your loveless hearts might burn
To share our blood-bought heritage!

THE WEARY WATCHER.

"What! could ye not watch with me one hour?"—MATT. xxvi. 40.

LOVING and beloved, couldst thou not watch
One hour with Him who watched so oft for thee;
Some deeper meaning from His grief to catch,
And weep with Him in drear Gethsemane?
"*Could ye not watch?*" O Jesus! no reproof
Ruffled Thy holy pleading with Thine own,
Thy chosen friends; and yet they stand aloof—
No heart to share Thine agonizing groan!
I weary too, while watching, Lord, with Thee;
How swift am I to slumber at Thy side:
End quickly, Lord, my sad captivity,
That I, at thy loved feet, my shame may hide.

THE RECOGNITION.

"Their eyes were opened, and they knew Him."—LUKE xxiv. 31.

WHEN Jesus first upon my vision stole,
His love reproved my unbelieving soul:
Terror and joy within my bosom stirred;
Revealed to faith—I grasped the Incarnate Word,
My God! My Lord!

Closed was each portal to the world around—
Sin's shadow dark—yet He an entrance found;
Soft as the dawn, clear as morn's golden flood,
Thy light disclosed the token of the Blood,
My Lord! My God!

Thus sweetly spake He: "Child! reach forth thine hand,
And be not faithless, but believe." The band
Of sin was loosed. "Peace!" It was all I heard;
By tender mercy conquered, I adored
My God! My Lord!

His goodness fills my very soul with praise;
No other sound can prayer's faint pinions raise;
Her glad thanksgivings seek no sweeter chord,
My heart pours out her joy in one blest word,—
My God! *My* Lord!

Reject it not! O Thou, the Crucified!
Thou hast for me, so lost and faithless, died;
Thou who with peace my way-worn feet hast shod,
Oh, guide me in the path that Thou Thyself hast trod,
My Lord! My God!

PRAISE.

"Bless the Lord, all His works in all places of His dominion: bless the Lord, O my soul."—PSALM ciii. 22.
"Praise our God, all ye His servants."—REV. xix. 5.

OW shall I praise Thee, O my God?
How to Thy throne draw nigh?
I, in the dust—and Thou, arrayed
In might and majesty!

Praise Him, ye gladdening smiles of morn;
Praise Him, O silent night;
Tell forth His glory, all the earth;
Praise Him, ye stars of light!

Praise Him, ye stormy winds, that rise
Obedient to His word;
Mountains, and hills, and fruitful trees,
Join ye and praise the Lord!

Praise Him, ye heavenly host; for ye,
With purer lips, can sing—
Glory and honour, praise and power,
To Him, the Eternal King!

Praise Him, ye martyrs! be your names
Illustrious or unknown;
Whose path is tracked by tears and blood,
Who now surround the throne.

Praise Him, ye saints! who here rejoiced
To do His heavenly will;
The incense of whose prayers ascends
Upon His altar still.

Praise Him, ye angels! who excel
In strength; and, listening to
His voice of love, with lightning speed
His blest commandments do.

Oh! not for angels, Lord, didst Thou
That heavenly throne forsake;
Not for their cause, in earth's dark womb,
Didst Thou Thy dwelling make:

But that our fallen souls should live,
While gazing on the Slain,
And in the blood our sins have shed
Be washed from sin again.

Praise Him, all works of His that own
His Spirit's blest control!
O Lord my God, how great art Thou!
Bless thou the Lord, my soul!

THE CURTAINED CHAMBER.

"Lord, behold, he whom Thou lovest is sick."—JOHN xi. 3.

CLOSED is the lattice, Lord; joy enters not,
And hope hath nigh departed: here we weep,
And watch, and marvel if Thou hast forgot
Where we our long and lonely vigil keep.

Our loved one, whom Thou lovest, is sick. Oh, come,
Thou tender Jesus, Thou our grief wilt share!
In sweet compassion visit our sad home,
And leave some token of Thy presence there.
Wilt Thou not speak the word, to bid him live,
And gently raise him from this couch of pain?
The life Thou gavest, a second time, oh, give
To bless our hearts again—and yet again.

* * * * *

Yet, Lord, not for our prayers, not for our tears,
Stay Thou Thy hand; Thou seest not as we,
If, bidding us resign the hope of years,
Thou call our loved one gently home to Thee.
The cup is bitter, Lord; and yet within
We know is Mercy. Can we fathom why
That draught was given? Sorrows, snares, and sin,
Hidden from us, lie open to Thine eye.
In very love, methinks I hear Thee say,
"Taste of My cup; for thee its dregs were drained,
Though gall was mingled there. Nay, trembler, nay,
Fear not: the wine alone for *thee* remained."

O Angel of the Covenant! through the vail
Rent in Thy Holy Manhood enter we;
And not one promise of Thy word shall fail;
For where Thou art, there shall Thy loved ones be.
Stay not Thy summons, then, if here unseen
Thy angel-watchers wait to bear him hence;
The sepulchre—our grief—Lord, stand between,
And point us to his fair inheritance.
We meekly trust our loved one to Thy care,
In cheerful faith—the faith that Thou hast given—
Thankful if still our earthly path he share,
Blessed if he rise to reign with Thee in heaven.

THE DREAM OF HEAVEN.

"I sleep, but my heart waketh. It is the voice of my Beloved."
SOL. SONG v. 2.

ARE the pearly portals open,
I have yearned to enter long?
Is my dream of sorrow broken,
By a seraph's joyful song?

Have I crossed the crystal river?
Shall I tread the golden street,
Where the verdant palm-leaves quiver,
To one holy Name and sweet?

Why, my soul, this exultation?
Hast thou passed remotest space?
Heard the anthems of salvation?
Seen my Saviour face to face?

Scarce I knew if sweetly o'er me
Heaven had opened bright and fair,
Till I missed the looked-for glory
Of my Saviour's welcome there.

Where is He my Life hath proved
True and faithful to the last?
Where is He, my soul's Beloved,
He on whom my hope is cast?

'Twas a dream. The crystal river
Came of tear-drops in mine eye;
Tears which shall not flow for ever.
He who wept at Bethany

Shed such solace o'er my sorrow,
Earth's afflictions were forgot,
And I hailed a joyful morrow,
Dawning on my weary lot.

Now, my heart within me burning,
Better than my dream I see;
Christ is near me in my mourning;
Where He is, is heaven to me.

THE OLIVE TREE.

"I am a Father to Israel, and Ephraim is my firstborn."—JER. xxxi. 9.
"If thou wert cut out of the olive tree which is wild by nature, and wert graffed contrary to nature into a good olive tree; how much more shall these, which be the natural branches, be graffed into their own olive tree."
ROM. xi. 24.

PEN, ye everlasting gates,
To souls redeemed from death and sin;
For He, the King of Glory, waits
To let His wandering people in.
Oh, tarry not, thou chosen race:
His blood hath washed away thy shame;
And thou shalt see Messiah's face,
And own that once despised Name.
Arise! His Advent draweth nigh;
Oh, tune thy harp's long broken chords:
Hosanna to the Lord most High!
The King of kings, and Lord of lords!

O Ephraim beloved! for thee
Still must we wait, and watch, and pray;
And can thy heart unmoved be,
Or turn from such a love away?

In all thy grief—to Him how dear!
Now, now thy Christ and Saviour know:
He wept for thee, when not a tear
But His fell o'er thy coming woe.
Arise! His Advent draweth nigh;
Oh, tune thy harp's long silent chords:
Hosanna to the Lord most High!
The King of kings, and Lord of lords!

Return, O Israel, return:
The Wounded waiteth not to chide;
And ye, who for your blindness mourn,
Upon His breast your sorrows hide.
Why will ye die, ye wandering ones?
Why linger? 'Twas for you He came.
Had we been dumb, the very stones
Had sounded forth Messiah's name.
Arise! His Advent draweth nigh;
Oh, tune thy sad harp's silent chords:
Hosanna to the Lord most High!
The King of kings, and Lord of lords!

Raise the palm-branches from the ground,
Strewn for His lowly feet of old,
And share with them the holy sound
Shrined in their leaves' most sacred fold.
Then loving hearts that listen well
Shall own the Name that we adore:
Once breathed within the soul's deep cell,
It echoes on for evermore.
Arise! for Jesus draweth nigh;
Awake! and tune thy sad harp's chords:
Hosanna to the Lord most High!
The King of kings, and Lord of lords!

He comes! No wise men from afar
Proclaim Him nigh: He comes not thus.
Where they beheld a glimmering star
Shines forth the Sun of Righteousness.
He comes! Imagination paints
The glory of that day in vain.
He comes: with myriads of His saints
Thou shalt behold thy King again.
Arise! His Advent draweth nigh:
Oh, tune thy sad harp's broken chords:
Hosanna to the Lord most High!
The King of kings, and Lord of lords!

Gaze not on them with eyes of scorn,
Oh ye whose lot may brighter be;
If God the parent stem hath torn,
Fear lest He also spare not thee.
The golden bridge of Mercy spanned
The gulf for both—the Way *ye* know,
O Israel! Raise the suppliant's hand,
And say, "I will arise and go."
"Return! return! why will ye die?"
Ponder Messiah's gracious words.
Hosanna to the Lord most High!
The King of kings, and Lord of lords!

JESUS ONLY.

"A cloud overshadowed them; and a voice came out of the cloud, saying, This is my beloved Son: hear Him."—MARK ix. 7.

"HEAR HIM!" My God, in Thee I rest;
None other peace to me can yield:
Thy Spirit only in my breast
Thy tabernacle, Lord, shall build;
Unmingled glory from Thee shone,
Lord, make me Thine, and Thine alone.

"Hear Him!" Oh, teach me, Lord, to live
In child-like spirit at Thy feet;
For Thou the hearing ear canst give,
And waiting hours with Thee are sweet:
Oh, grant to me the humble faith,
That fears not man, and shuns not death.

"Hear Him!" 'Tis Thou, Lord, only Thou
Prepar'st the heart to hear Thy word;
My spirit listeneth for Thee now,
For Thou its inmost depths hast stirred:
Teach me to walk in sonship free;
I ask not Thine, O Lord, but Thee.

"Hear Him!" I hunger for Thy grace,
I wait till Thou Thy child shalt bless;
Help me to seek Thy glorious face,
And walk with Thee in holiness:
Speed to my help; for I can be
Content alone in hearing Thee!

"Hear Him!" My soul her harp hath hung
Upon the willows; and I weep,
Wailing my sad captivity,
Till Thou shalt break its mournful sleep:
Oh, let Thy voice my spirit reach,
And hidden strains of wisdom teach.

"Hear Him!" Ah! once I thought I heard,
And tuned my harp to stamm'ring strain,
Thy praises thrilled each trembling chord—
Thy smile can wake my song again;
Now silent lies that harp of mine;
Thy hand can tune it—only Thine.

"Hear Him!" Thy voice Thou know'st is sweet
As none on earth can sound to me;
Oh, let me live, Lord, at Thy feet,
Content a listening child to be,
Until, by Thy redeeming grace,
I shall behold Thee face to face!

THE VOICE OF THE LILY.

"Thou that dwellest in the gardens, the companions hearken to Thy voice: cause me to hear it."—SOL. SONG viii. 13.
"I will be as the dew unto Israel; he shall grow as the lily."
HOSEA xiv. 5.

THE leaves of the chesnut are changing,
And, down on the old terrace plot,
The Stock and the last bright Carnation
Bloom now, where the Lilies are not.

O brother! I love so the Lilies:
I know, when they blossom again,
I shall watch them no more in the garden,
Nor lie on this pillow of pain.

So fair seems the flowery sceptre,
And meet for an angel to hold;
Pure white as the folds of its raiment,
And coronal gleaming with gold.

Yet the flowers *they* gather are fadeless,
Unlike those I cherished to-day:
I welcomed their coolness with kisses,
And see, they have withered away!

But the angels will gather the Lilies
My Saviour considers below;
They will bloom in His heavenly garden,
With a beauty that earth cannot know:

In the land of the Lamb they will flourish,
By the breath of the Spirit caress'd;
And He who hath called me, and loved me,
Will shelter me safe in His breast.

Time was, when I wept through the midnight
Again with our mother to be,
To sing the sweet hymns that she taught us,
And pray as I prayed at her knee.

And I longed so for Dora, and Father,
And sighed on his bosom to fall;
But now it is Jesus I long for,
My Saviour, more precious than all!

Last summer I sat in the garden;
I never thought flowers so fair,
As the first bursting buds of the Lilies,
While I mused on the sunny slope there.

And the bees seemed to love them as dearly;
For o'er them in rapture they hung,
And clearly each ivory palace
Re-echoed the matins they sung.

My eyes drank delight from their beauty;
For the dew hung like pearls on each stem:
Like the Lilies, I toiled not, I spun not—
God cared both for me and for them.

They told of the lake of Gennesaret,
Of the fields around Galilee's sea,
Of holy eyes gazing upon them,
That still looked in love upon me.

Each brought me some message from Jesus,
And I whispered it back to my Lord:
He knoweth my fears and my sorrows,
He heareth my every word.

I am safe in the fold of the Shepherd,
Though His hand doth not rest on my head;
For His own little lambs He hath suffered,
For His own little band He hath bled.

While I sat still and prayed, by the dial,
A footstep fell soft on my ear;
'Twas the good man who pitied us, Charley,
When God took our Dora last year.

He came when our grief was the sorest,
He prayed when my own heart was dumb;
Oh, tell him, in yon glorious city,
My glad voice shall welcome him home.

His stifled sobs burst as he passed me,
While I sat there, silent as stone;
And each word to my heart seemed so tender,
I remember them every one.

"He who seeks the Lord early shall find Him;"
Then grief choked his voice, though he smiled;
"God, who loves them who love Him, hath called her;
She will fade with the flowers, poor child."

Ah! I heard how he wept, brother Charley,
For this poor little sister of thine;
And I prayed on his life might break sweetly
The sunshine he scattered on mine.

His slow steps were lost in the distance,
Then fell I down there on the sod,
And the Lilies seemed breathing above me,
"O child, thou art going to God:"

But they said not, "*Poor* child," the dear Lilies.
Then I saw in the noon sunlight stand
A form like myself, but far fairer,
With a Lily fresh plucked in her hand.

She raised it, and pointed to heaven;
While a voice to my soul whispered, "Come;"
But I lay there, and wept for you, Charley;
For I knew they were calling me home.

Then soft on my soul broke the summons;
The Shepherd was calling for me:
He died for my sins, and I loved Him,
And with Him my dwelling shall be.

Now I looked up to God, as if living
Alone 'neath that bright summer sky:
I forgot I must leave thee, my brother;
For it seemed, oh, so solemn to die!

Since then I have knelt in the sunshine,
And prayed in the midnight alone;
And midnight seems bright as the sunlight,
When the smiles of my Saviour have shone.

When you grow to a man, brother Charley,
Remember this garden of ours,
And listen sometimes in the twilight
For whispers that come from the flowers.

The Lord hath a song for His children:
When prayer tunes the heart's silent strings,
They will vibrate to praise as though angels
Swept over the chords with their wings.

'Tis a hard world, and cold, where we wander;
Dark the ground whence the fair Lilies spring;
Yet behold them arrayed in their beauty,
More glorious than Israel's King.

In our dark world still Lilies are growing,
Holy words float in love to the ear;
Words, whisp'ring of peace and of heaven,
Reminding us Jesus is near.

Oh, remember Him, ever remember,
And His Spirit within thee will be;
Oh, seek thou but God and His glory,
And thy God will do battle for thee.

How fast thy hot tears, love, are falling;
I kiss them up like the poor flowers;
Not a tear from mine eyelids hath started,
Through this last solemn parting of ours.

God dried them that sweet Sabbath morning,
When His angel smiled soft in my face;
And I go, yes, I go to that kingdom
Where partings and tears have no place.

The autumn-day fades from the casement,
The dawn of a brighter I see;
The Lilies are gone from the garden,
And my Shepherd is waiting for me.

THE LAST NIGHT WITH THE DEAD.

"Jesus saith unto her, Thy brother shall rise again."
JOHN xi. 23.

FAREWELL, friend, till the shadows flee away!
Farewell, my loved one: it is sweet to say,
"Till our next meeting;" there no pain can come,
Nor partings dim the glory of our home.
We'll meet again—where God's redeemed ones dwell,
Where never more shall sound the word, "Farewell."
O joyful hope! for then I shall have gazed
On my Incarnate Lord; I shall have raised
To Him these heavy eyes, tearful no more,
And faith be lost in sight. My grief is o'er.
Farewell till our next meeting; it will be
Where Christ, not Death, shall veil thy face from me.

PARTING WORDS.

"Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees. Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not."—ISAIAH xxxv. 3, 4.
"The Lord that made heaven and earth bless thee out of Zion."
PSALM cxxxiv. 3.

SHUN not the paths where weary hearts are bowed in sadness down;
Although no word of faith replies responsive to thine own,
Still whisper of thy Saviour's love: speak tenderly; ere long
The silent heart may hear thy voice, and echo with a song.

Not the glad song of hope and youth, the song of careless mirth;
Not the blithe carol of delight that cheers the smiling earth;
But a low floating hymn of praise that long hath slumbering lain,
Yet, wakened by thy kindly hands, may rise to heaven again.

Shrink not! Thy path may oft-times lie o'er many a mountain rude;
Through valleys deep, in starless nights, and days of solitude;
But God will set His seal upon each earnest prayer of thine,
And o'er thy steep and rugged road a guiding light will shine.

For starless nights, thou well canst own, bravest resolves have stirred;
In hours of deepest solitude the Spirit's voice is heard.
Though toilsome seem the mountain way, fear not! the weak have striven,
And Pisgah's height, though clad in clouds, hath clearer views of heaven.

Be patient. Not for Jesu's flock is kept the flowery ground;
He leads through many a lonely path where thorns and briers abound.
Bravely crush down each meaner hope that on thy path may spring,
Let to thy heart thy mission be a glad and glorious thing.

The prayer thy lip hath prompted once, the tear thy care hath dried,
The sin-stained soul thy comfort cheered when earth all hope denied,
Shall rise on high, on seraph wings, to God's all-listening ear,
And through eternity resound in echoes sweet and clear.

God guard thee! Falter not nor pause, till life's last conflict's o'er;
We met, and we have parted now, to meet on earth no more.
Betwixt a blessing and farewell, when sad hearts claim thy prayer,
I ask of thee, O pilgrim friend, one passing memory there.

THE MOURNING SOUL.

"Turn Thee unto me, and have mercy upon me: for I am desolate and afflicted."—PSALM xxv. 16.

"He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted . . . . . to comfort all that mourn."—ISAIAH lxi. 1, 2.

THOU hast no pang of hidden grief
More than thy Lord doth know;
He saw the tears rise in thine eye,
He counts them as they flow;
He heard the voice whose careless tone
Hath stricken thee with pain.
Look up! the wounds that others give
His love doth heal again.

Be not cast down, O trembling soul!
The Lord Himself is nigh:
Think on Gethsemane's dark shades,
And His lone agony;
The friend that on His bosom leaned
Forsook Him in His woe:
Thou hast no sorrow, mourning one,
More than thy Lord doth know.

He felt the traitor's faithless kiss,
The scoffer's sneer He heard;
Yet patiently He looked to heaven,
And answered not a word.
Then why, O soul, art thou cast down?
Why mourning dost thou go?
He that would seek a heavenly crown
Must bear the cross below.

How they reviled the sinless One,
And bent the mocking knee!
And wouldst thou have the cruel world
More gentle now with thee?
How was He scorned, who came to save,
Who bore His Cross alone!
Look up! for Christ is watching thee,
And He thy grief hath known.

O mourning soul, thou hast one Friend
That changes not to thee,
Whose tender smiles of love can bid
Those earth-born shadows flee.
Look up! the King of heaven will dry
Thy tear-drops as they flow;
Lean thou upon the breast of Him
Who all thy grief doth know.

PATHWAYS.

"What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."
JOHN xiii. 7.

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them."—PSALM xxxiv. 7.

GOD guideth all His children home,
By paths we know not here;
But once with Him, His ways will be
To every loved one clear;
For wondrous is the Love that leads:
And Faith at last shall learn
To tread with humble, child-like heart,
Nor yet the way discern.

Beneath the sheltering household roof,
From childhood's earliest day,
God placeth some, and to Himself
He gently leads the way.
A mother's holy care He gives,
The infant steps to guide,
And hymns of praise to God are learnt
At that dear mother's side.

Nurtured by parents' anxious prayers
Along the path they trod,
From days when first their lips were taught
To lisp the name of God;
As flowers, by tender hands upraised,
No withering storm might dim,
New born of God, they learn His love,
And then return to Him.

But others' lot is cast alone,
By pitfall and by snare,
Without one hand of love to warn,
Or point to danger there.
Struggling for light, yet falling oft,
And mourning sore the fall;
If these thy sorrows, lonely one,
The Father knows them all.

The loveless mock thine ardent soul,
With cold and scornful mien;
But One hath marked thy heart-warm tears,
Thy cheerless path hath seen.
Thy stifled cry no echo woke,
No kindly solace stirred;
But high amid the golden harps
That quivering sob was heard.

O faithless child! couldst thou but pierce
The shrouding veil around,
And see the radiant hosts of heaven
Thy thorny path surround;
Then wouldst thou know whose servant thou,
And in that strife would be
A joy, to feel thy need had brought
Thy Saviour nearer thee.

Look up! the noontide heat may shed
Its fervour on thy brow,
The burden of thy daily toil
Weigh down thy spirit now;
But still about thy path, thy bed,
God's mighty angels be:
A conquered foe is he who fights
Against thy Lord and thee.

And some there are, God rouseth them
From slumber, at His word;
And, ere the Bridegroom come, they wake,
And rise to meet their Lord.
He calleth whom He will. He bids
The tempter's legion flee;
And sweet His voice is sounding now,
"Arise and follow Me."

MIDNIGHT.

"In my distress I called upon the Lord, and cried unto my God: He heard my voice out of His temple, and my cry came before Him, even into His ears."—PSALM xviii. 6.

N the deep stillness of this silent hour,
O Christ, thy peace impart;
Now, as around the shades of darkness lower,
Speak to my troubled heart.
Thy voice alone the doubts of day can banish,
They own Thy sweet control;
And with the midnight of the earth doth vanish
The midnight of my soul.

Oh! let me rise again, with all things rising,
Glad, grateful for Thy light;
Thy precious promises, Thy love more prizing,
For the deep gloom of night.
Lighten mine eyes, that so my soul may reckon
The stars the darkness brings,
And to a deathless morn the Sun may beckon
With healing in His wings.

THE FRIEND.

"Forsake me not, O Lord: O my God, be not far from me."
PSALM xxxviii. 21.
"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."—HEB. xiii. 5.

FRIENDS frown, or fall away,
Even the nearest;
As the night ends the day,
Death claims the dearest.
Sin wounds the weary breast,
Love ties are riven;
Vainly we seek for rest
So far from heaven.

Hark! 'tis the voice of One,
Mourner, that meets thee;
Though all thy joy hath flown,
Fondly it greets thee.
Sweetly we hear, above
Harsh words that grieve thee,
"Mine is unchanging love,
I will not leave thee."

Mourner, thy Lord hath gone
Forward before thee;
Trust Him to lead thee on
Safely to glory.
Up! rouse thee! help is nigh!
Love doth awake thee:
He who hath heard thy cry
Will not forsake thee.

Through the drear desert land
What can betide thee,
With a fond Father's hand
Gently to guide thee?
Though the wild river still
Foameth below thee,
No wave, without His will,
E'er can o'erflow thee;
Nor on yon spirit shore
Will that Friend leave thee:
Life's latest struggles o'er,
Christ shall receive thee.

THE GIFT IN THE TREASURY.

"Thou shalt surely give him; and thine heart shall not be grieved when thou givest unto him: because that for this thing the Lord thy God shall bless thee."—DEUT. xv. 10.

IT was no wealth thou gavest me,
Nor gift that gold could bring;
And none beside thy God did see
Thy heart-wrung offering.

A tear—God bless thee for that tear!
A prayer—Christ holds it now;
Sweet was the music on my ear,
The balm upon my brow.

An angel bore that tear on high;
The prayer my Father heard,
And safe in His own treasury
Garnered each broken word.

Oh think! in that bright land of peace,
Without a stain or spot,
Till tears and prayers alike shall cease,
Thy gift is unforgot.

Jesus presents each broken prayer
Before our Father's throne,
And every tear He gathereth there
Hath whispers of its own.

"WEEP NOT."

"Now when He came nigh to the gate of the city, behold there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. . . . And when the Lord saw her, He had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not."—LUKE vii. 12, 13.

"WEEP not!" How vain the words! how sad in sorrow
Falleth the world's cold solace on the ear!
"Weep not!" Can gentle lips no phrases borrow
To soothe the grief that brings the bitter tear?
"Weep not!" Go tell the mother, when she presses
Her first-born to the breast, to smile no more:
If thou canst still her joy, her glad caresses,
Speak to the mourner, bid his grief be o'er.
Thou sayest, "Be calm; weep not!" Did we inherit
No earthly sympathies, to hold these frail
Endearing ties, then might the listening spirit
Heed thy wise counsel, and thy words prevail.
Is not our heart's sweet sunshine from the faces
We have best loved to look on? When 'tis flown,
Gaze we not backwards on its lingering traces,
As through life's darkened path we tread alone?

The bird pines for its mate; nay, if a flower
Be but too roughly from its green stem torn,
The tree will droop and die. It is the dower
Of hearts that best have loved, to deepest mourn.
"Weep not!" One voice hath breathed those words; none other
Can dry the tear;—as by the gates of Nain
His eye of pity marked the widowed mother,
And to her arms restored her son again.
Oh! softly tread where Sorrow's children languish
In silence; thou the bruiséd soul revere;
Wake not the smitten heart to keener anguish;
With idle comfort vex not thou the ear.
Nay! let them weep by life's deserted dwelling,
In that deep silence God Himself will speak.
Oh! not for us to read the sorrow swelling
In the veiled heart that is so near to break:
The Saviour watcheth!—on His breast she weepeth.
With sweet compassion, He who spoke at Nain
Breathes to her soul, "A little time he sleepeth;
Weep not; I will restore thy child again."

THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

"Behold how He loved him!"—John xi. 36.

LISPING voices in the wild wood
Bring back memories of one
Dear to me, whose guileless childhood
Seemed in heaven first begun.

He could teach me, little learner,
With the lore his spirit brought,
Ere to my own heart a sterner,
Sadder lesson had been taught.

Yes, I saw him oft the teacher
With a wisdom mute and sweet;
Like the flower (silent preacher!)
In its beauty at my feet.

Fair he was; but he is fairer
In the robe he now doth wear:
Dear to me; but he is dearer,
For no change can reach him there.

When the wintry day declinéd,
And the twilight closed around,
Loving arms were round me twinéd,
And a voice of silvery sound

Pleaded for—no tale of daring—
But that wondrous Eastern Star,
Shepherds, while their night-watch sharing,
Saw, and followed from afar.

O'er the opened page before us
His young eyes entrancéd ran,
Spelling out the Angel's chorus,
"Peace on Earth, good will to Man."

To his heart those spots were dearest
Which the feet of Jesus trod;
To his lips those words were nearest
That revealed the love of God.

How the Saviour paused to pity
Sorrowing hearts and moans of pain;
When the widow of the city
Met Him at the gates of Nain;

How the ruler's little daughter
Seemed beyond His power to save,
Till to life the Saviour brought her,
Rescued from the yawning grave.

Thoughtful eye and rosy finger,
On the Book before us spread,
Loving best of all to linger
Where it told of Lazarus—dead.

Oft his cheek with tear-drops glistened,
And the childish breast was moved,
While in eager joy he listened
How his friend the Saviour loved.

Then the young child, upward gazing,
Marvelled o'er the spirit's track,
And if Christ, while Lazarus raising,
Wept to call the loved one back.

"Were the tears, His bosom heaving,
For their human sorrow shed?
Or o'er friends so unbelieving,
And for hearts so cold and dead?"

Could I tell—"Did Lazarus wander
Sorrowfully back, or come
Gladly, though beholding yonder
Something of his glorious home?

"Was Death's last chain still unriven?
Was the sinner's claim denied,
Until Christ returned to heaven,
When the gates were opened wide?"

Child ! now wiser than our sages,
Thou canst tell if it be so;
Thou hast turned the wondrous pages
Which are closed to us below.

Though the silent grave's embraces
Hid the slumberer in its breast,
Lazarus rose, and lost all traces
Of his four days' shrouded rest.

Not corruption can inherit
Joys divine that heaven doth give;
Christ's blest voice must reach the spirit,
He who hears that voice shall live.

Still He standeth at the portal
Of the sepulchre of earth,
Unto love and life immortal
Calleth He the sleeper forth.

Still His eye the bosom readeth,
And its hidden depths of woe;
Tenderly He intercedeth
For His sorrowing ones below.

When my soul in sloth is sleeping,
Wake it, Lord, to hear Thy voice;
When my downcast eyes are weeping,
Let me see Thee, and rejoice.

Canaan's shores gleam nearer — nearer,
And we long the land to win,
Angels' anthems echo clearer
As our loved ones enter in.

We would vainly track them, reaching
Into realms where they may be
Perfected by holy teaching,
Meet for them who wait with Thee.

But the sepulchre is sealéd,
None may roll away the stone;
Faith alone the way revealeth
Where the blessed dead are gone.

Happy pilgrim, fled before me!
On those earnest, loving eyes
Now hath oped the wished-for glory
Of thy home in Paradise.

Through the dark flood unforsaken,
In thy hour of weakness strong;
Thou to Christ thy flight hast taken,
Thou hast heard the angels' song.

Not within the gloomy prison
Of the grave I look for thee;
Jesu's friend to Him hath risen,
And with Him thy home will be.

THOUGHTS IN SICKNESS.

"Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord."—PSALM xxvii. 14.

MY heart rejoicing in Thy love,
O Lord, I longed to dwell
Within Thy courts, to serve Thee there
With them who loved Thee well.

"Show me the path," I inly prayed,
"That leadeth, Lord, to Thee;"
And weary days and wakeful nights
Thou hast appointed me.

Feebly arose my song of praise:
Thy face was turned away:
I missed Thy smile, and so my soul
Went mourning all the day.

"God hath forsaken me!" I cried,
In those drear hours of pain;
"Oh! once I thought myself His child—
He would His child sustain.

"Where is Thy loving tenderness,
The comfort of Thy Word?"
In gentle tone it chided me,
"Wait thou upon the Lord:

"His ways are not thy ways; His thoughts
To man's discernment dim;
The very path so dark to thee
Will lead thee near to Him.

"Weigh not His love by thy poor love,
His wisdom by thine own;
Believe His faithful promises,
And rest on Him alone.

"If thou be not His child, why weep
The hiding of His face?
Why sorrow that thine eyes no more
His gracious teachings trace?

"Long through the wilderness He led
His people gently on,
And bade them trust Him in the cloud,
As when the bright flame shone.

"Wait on the Lord! still seek His face,
And thou shalt strengthened be;
Yea, wait; and thou shalt say, 'O Lord,
'Tis good to wait on Thee.'"

THE TREASURE HOUSE.

"It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body."—1 COR. xv. 44.
"Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory."—JOHN xvii. 24.

OOM for our treasure, closéd Tomb!
Open thy doors, O Grave!
Take all the angel Death can claim,
And all that thou canst have.
For Christ to thy dark gates went down,
And rent the vail in twain;
And gleams of glory, else unseen,
Point where He rose again.

Room for thy kindred dust, O Earth!
The casket of the soul;
Room for a little while, and then
Resign thy proud control.
O Death! where is thy boasted power
That breaks Life's three-fold cord,
When the freed spirit upward soars
To meet her risen Lord?

Take, then, the garment of our loved,
  Still precious for her sake;
But glorious shall that garment be
  When Christ shall bid her wake.
The faded form thou dost enfold,
  On which we weeping gazed,
Shall lose each stain of Earth, and be
  In incorruption raised.

THE RIVER.

"The liberal soul shall be made fat; and he that watereth shall be watered also himself."—PROV. xi. 25.

THE river floweth onward,
  Forth from its silent source;
It filleth many a fountain,
  But stayeth not its course;
But onward, ever onward,
  To the sounding sea it flows;
And a welcome greets the streamlet
  From the hill-side whence it rose.

The merchant ship it beareth,
  It turns the homely mill,
The meadow's silv'ry sluices
  The quiet waters fill;
And yet the flowering sedges,
  And the little brook-lime, share
The blessings that it bringeth
  In its calm course everywhere.

Fame proudly names the river,
With the world's wealth freighted o'er;
But to her the fisher's vessel
Is dear as chartered store.
Not for a crownéd monarch
Will a whispering wavelet stay:
It wandereth to the hamlet,
Where the poor man's children play.

None praise it, where it seeketh
The valley dark and still;
But the moonbeams smile upon it,
And the clouds their bright urns fill
From its pure wave, to quicken
Some dying flower of earth,
That knows not to what fountain
Her beauty owes its birth.

O soul! is there no lesson
In that river's ceaseless flow?
Hast thou learnt the bliss of blessing
In this barren land below?
Then heed not who may own thee
In thy pathway drear and dim,
For God looks down upon thee:
Do thou look up to Him.

PRAYER.

"And His disciples . . . . went and told Jesus."—MATT. xiv. 12.

KNOW'ST thou, O soul, that in yon blessed sphere,
Where Jesus reigns, He doth securely hold
A cure for all thy sin and sorrow here?
Why art thou so perplexed when thou dost fold,
Idly or scornfully, within thy hands
The key to His rich treasury? Yet now
Thy scalding tears but water barren lands,
And mark a deeper furrow in thy brow.
With hand unlifted, and unbended knee,
Thou wailest wildly o'er a broken toy:
Thou wilt not use the golden promise-key,
Why let the rust its precious use destroy?
Hast thou a fonder friend, and wilt thou tell
To him the woe that wounds? or dost thou hide
Within the piercéd heart's most secret cell
Thy rankling anguish? Is it shame, or pride,
Or cold indifference, or unbelief?
O soul most desolate, look up! For thee
One faithful voice doth promise sure relief.
Whate'er thy sin, whate'er thy sorrow be,
Tell all to Jesus. He looketh where
The weary-hearted weep, and draweth near
To listen fondly to the half-formed prayer,
Or read the silent pleading of a tear.
Lose not thy privilege, O silent soul;
Pour out thy sorrow at thy Saviour's feet.
What outcast spurns the hand that gives the dole?
Oh, let Him hear thy voice! to Him thy voice is sweet.

THE WINTER'S DAY.

"Thou hast made summer and winter."—PSALM lxxiv. 17.
"Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?"—MATT. vi. 26.
"All things were created by Him, and for Him."—COL. i. 16.

DREARY world! O mournful life!"
I cried, heart-weary with the strife,
As on my way I went.
The clouds of care my soul oppressed,
And in the silence of my breast
Waked only discontent.

I gazed in listless thought around;
The earth, in icy fetters bound,
Afar its white fields spread;
When, on a frost-encrusted spray,
A bird, as glad as summer's day,
Sang sweetly overhead.

"O sullen heart!" he seemed to sing,
"Did summer find thee murmuring?
Recount thy mercies past;
Or if thou art too dull to raise
Thy voice, then join another's praise;
Away thy shadows cast!

"The lilies, cradled in the tomb,
But wait for May's soft breath to bloom
Where thou hast weeping trod;
And, like the birds that wing the air,
Some message from our Master bear:
We are the harps of God!

"Better a hollow cave to be,
Filled with the murmur of the sea,
Owning God's voice all times,
Than deaf but to the world's wild din,
With not an echo waked within
To His most holy chimes.

"The rising breeze may softly swell
A song within the lily bell,
Or wake the cedar's roar;
Lash the wild billows as they sweep,
Or whispering wavelets hush to sleep,
That sigh along the shore.

"Each hath its mission, and can thrill
The listening soul, that, waiting still,
Shall deeper lessons share.
Poor child! look on my leafless tree,
Think how thy Father cares for me;
'Twill shame thee of despair!

"God's harps send forth a solemn tone:
Not by the jasper walls alone
The holy minstrels play;
But on each mount, in vale and glen,
Amidst the crowded haunts of men,
And on a winter's day.

"Few trace the hand that touched the string,
But marvel at the lore we bring,
The wisdom proved and true;
And thus the wondering heart looks up,
And meekly drinks the mingled cup,
And smiles and hopes anew."

Thus warbled he, until my heart
Took in his melody a part,
  Forgetting soon to moan.
My pale lips, parched with human sighs,
Untuned to holier harmonies,
  Were meet to wail alone.

"O bird, abashed behold me stand!
A harp God gave this feeble hand,
  A song my lips to sing;
To cheer some soul that drooped as mine,
And like a star in gloom to shine,
  And tender thoughts to bring.

"Content to be unrecognized,
A thing of nought, or lightly prized,
  Scorned where my Master bled;
Remembered but by kindness done,
Forgotten—save by Him alone,
  Whose love is o'er me shed."

Startled the bird, as though my pain
Swept o'er the snow-drift, and could stain
  Its glittering wealth; and then,
As if the purport he had caught,
That he, God's messenger, had taught,
  He warbled on again.

"I have no barn, no store," sang he;
"Our heavenly Father feedeth me;
  Enough the day doth bring.
Can God's own children find a dearth?
His granaries, spread o'er all the earth,
  Full wide His hand doth fling.

"O heart, by Jesu's Spirit sealed,
O heart, of sin and sorrow healed,
Go, bask thee in the light!
And know, there is no wintry spot
Where thou canst be and God is not:
That knowledge makes it bright.

"The poor, the sorrowful, the blind,
Thy loving Saviour left behind,
A living charge to be.
Go, let their haunts, so drear and dim,
Echo aloud the name of Him
Who does so much for thee."

And so the little bird sang on
Until his happy task was done,
And I took up the strain;
Then, looking up to God, I strove
To trace the leadings of His love,
And sing and work again.

Thus, Lord, Thy mercies round me spring;
At every step they rise to bring
Some tender thought of Thine,
Thy thoughts of peace, whose sweet control
Wakens again my slumbering soul,
To trace Thy hand divine.

The sombre clouds of eve arise;
But, crowding in the twilight skies,
They gather golden gleams.
I doubted that the Sun was nigh,
Till kindled by His majesty,
And gladdened by His beams.

EVENTIDE.

"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."
PSALM xxiii. 4.

WILL not fear the shadows o'er me creeping
In death's dark passage, whispering words of dread.
I know that Christ His tender watch is keeping:
I shall not perish; He hath died instead.
Yes, Thou, the sinless Lamb of God, hast taken
The guilt that bowed my spirit to the dust;
And never yet hast Thou the soul forsaken
That anchored on Thy promises her trust.

Feeble my cry, yet Thou, O Lord, hast heard me;
Yea, in the midnight Thou dost give me songs;
With faithful tenderness Thy love doth guard me,
In Thy pavilion, safe from strife of tongues;
Thou hast been with me, Thou wilt be for ever,
And I am Thine, O Lord, and Thou art mine:
Nor earth, nor hell, nor death, nor sin, shall sever
The bond Thy Spirit sealeth as divine.

Through the dark valley, though I fainting wander,
Yet my tried soul reposeth in Thine arms:
Upon Thy promises, Thy love, I ponder;
Thou art my strength; no foe Thy child alarms.
Bear me, oh, bear me to yon habitation
Thou hast prepared for them that hope in Thee!
Thou art my song, as Thou art my salvation,
And Thou my praise and endless joy shalt be.

SITTING AT THE FEET OF JESUS.

"One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in His temple."—PSALM xxvii. 4.

LORD, I would not choose the way, nor place,
Nor time to serve Thee: 'tis enough to be,
To suffer, and be silent. Lo, Thy face,
While I wept here, was bent in love o'er me!
Shall I desire to serve when Thou dost teach,
And bid me listen? Better busier souls
Upbraid me, passing with the chiding speech
That many a gentler spirit oft controls,
Than I should leave Thee. O Thou tender One!
In whose pure light I taste, though incomplete,
Of Thy completeness, let them "serve alone,"
So that they find me listening at Thy feet.
The sun that measures forth the glorious day
Is not more precious to the Infinite,
Than cloud that floated 'neath its beams away,
Or tiny bud that revelled in its light.
Let but the flower chalice meekly hold
Its one lone pearl the weary midnight through;
The smiles of morn at last its cup unfold,
Nor scorns the sun that little drop of dew.

BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

"Now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face."
1 Cor. xiii. 12.

SAY not, "'Twas all in vain,"
The anguish, and the darkness, and the strife.
Love thrown upon the waters comes again
In quenchless yearnings for a nobler life.
Think, how at midnight, on thy weary sight
The stars shone forth: beneath their welcome rays
Thy hopes to heaven, like birds, first took their flight;
And thou shalt find them—"after many days."

Say not, "'Twas all in vain,"
The vigil, and the sickness, and the tears;
For in that land, where there is no more pain,
The grain is garnered from these mournful years.
The faded form, once sheltered on thy breast,
No more thy gentle ministry repays,
She waits with Jesus in her sinless rest:
Fear not to find her—"after many days."

Say not, "'Twas all in vain,"
Thy tenderness, thy meekness. Oh! not so;
A strength for others' sufferings thou shalt gain,
As healing balms from bruiséd flowerets flow.
Weep not the wealth, in fearless faith cast forth
On the dark billows, shipwrecked to thy gaze;
The bark was frail, the gem has still its worth,
And "thou shalt find it—after many days."

Say not, "'Twas all in vain,"
The watching, and the waiting, and the prayer:
In piercéd hands hath it unanswered lain?
'Twill grow in blessing as it lingers there.
'Tis space where once thy quivering form was cast;
No floating breeze thy heart-wrung cry betrays;
Yet through the white-winged choir thy prayer hath past,
And "thou shalt find it—after many days."

Say not, "'Twas all in vain,"
Thy patience, and thy pity, and the word
In warning breathed 'mid passion's hurricane
(Unheeded here, thy God that whisper heard);
The tender grief, o'er strangers' sorrows shed;
The sacrifice, that won no human praise.
In faith upon the waters cast thy bread,
For "thou shalt find it—after many days."

THE BARREN FIG TREE.

"Behold, these three years I come seeking fruit on this fig tree, and find none: cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?"—LUKE xiii. 7.

IN a fair and fencéd garden
Grew a fig tree, and below
Stood the Husbandman and Warden,
Seeking fruit where fruit should grow.

Seasons had been duly numbered,
Yet no change the eye could see;
Still the ground the root encumbered,
Still He spared the fruitless tree.

Oftentimes the Lord came seeking
Fruit, but only leaves were fair;
Yet He stayed His arm from wreaking
All the wrath deservéd there.

"Cut it down!" I heard the warning
Trembling through each leafy bough;
But the Husbandman returning
Stayed the axe, nor laid it low.

"Cut it down!" Ah, see! between it
And the judgment meekly stands
One with outstretched arms to screen it,
Shielding it with loving hands.

"Spare it, Father, for I love it;
'Twas for this my life-blood fell;"
Then His hands were raised above it,
Piercéd hands! I marked them well.

Oft He pruned it, bending o'er it
Such a look of love and woe,
That I thought, could love restore it,
It had blossomed long ago.

Dew upon the branch descended,
Sunshine and the healthful rain,
And the barren tree He tended
Till it promised fair again.

Oh, how often, Lord of Glory,
In Thy majesty and might,
Hast Thou o'er Thine own before Thee
Stayed the sword upraised to smite!

Finding leaves of poor profession
On the branch where fruit should shine,
Promises without possession;
Nothing there of Thee or Thine!

Lord, if from Thy grace removéd,
Soon must perish branch and root;
May we welcome Thee, Belovéd,
When Thou seekest pleasant fruit!

THE FLIGHT OF THE DOVE.

"Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?"
ISAIAH lx. 8.

I AM going, mother, I am going
To the spirit land;
O'er the tideless river flowing
Where angels stand.
Yea, beyond that little star,
Where God's holy children are,
To my home of light afar,
'Mid that blest band.

I am leaving, mother, I am leaving
Sin's chains below;
All the woes that years are weaving,
Never to know.
I shall live at Jesu's feet;
Sing the new song, clear and sweet.
Watch and pray that we may meet
Where now I go.

I am praising, mother, I am praising
Christ's love to me;
While thy dear eyes, downward gazing,
No light can see;
Yet on yon glorious throne
Reigneth the Holy One:
Mother, when I am gone
He'll comfort thee.

They are singing, mother, they are singing:
Soft! Dost thou hear?
Hark! 'tis the echo ringing,
Sweetly and clear.
Hark! hark! they seem to say,
"Come, happy child, away."
Oh, canst thou bid me stay?—
Jesus is near!

He hath bought me, mother, He hath bought me.
What can compare
To the robe He hath wrought me,
The robe I shall wear?
Fair though the angels be,
Yet my soul pants to see
Jesus, who died for me:
Lo, He is there!

WALKING IN DARKNESS.

"Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of His servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God."—ISAIAH l. 10.
"The God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly."
"God is love."—1 JOHN iv. 8. ROM. xvi. 20.

SOUL! that backward turn'st thy gaze
Upon the path in other days
Thou hast rejoicing trod,
Hope still, though darkness round thee spread:
There 's mercy in the cloud o'erhead;
Lean thou upon thy God.

Wait for the strength the Lord will send;
He that endureth to the end
Shall win the crown at last:
And though the way thou canst not see,
Christ trod a darker path for thee;
He clasps thy weak hand fast.

One ray of love can pierce the gloom,
And break the silence of the tomb;
Then forth the spirit springs:
Unto the Lord of Life and Light
The mourning soul shall take its flight,
Upward on eagle's wings.

Despond not, then, O sorrowing one!
Still watch and wait for God alone;
He waited long for thee:
And thou shalt see His glory shine,
And own the Lord is thine—all thine—
And evermore shall be.

Thou dost forget. Hath He forgot?
Thou changest; but He changes not,
  Nor turns His ear away;
As on thy first-breathed prayer He smiled,
As yesterday He called thee "child,"
  He calls thee "child" to-day.

Oh, droop not! though a cloud may be
Between the glorious Sun and thee,
  No shade His light can dim;
Beneath His smile away shall roll
The sin-mist of thy wounded soul:
  Only abide in Him.

O child of God! perplexed, distressed,
Still on thy Saviour's promise rest,
  That all His own shall come;
The hungry to the feast outspread,
The mourner to be comforted,
  The wanderer to his home.

Full many an ambient gale of spring
Will woo the buds, ere they can fling
  Their fragrance on the air;
And ere the early summer-tide
Their glowing beauties open wide,
  With many a promise fair,

They will have known the tempest too,
And morning's showers and evening's dew,
  Stronger for ev'ry storm!
For not one tree the Husbandman
Doth plant, too rude a gale may fan
  Or stranger's hand can harm.

The fairest blossoms from the bough
Must fade for autumn fruit to grow,
  Nor yet the branch be dead;
The blossom falleth to the ground,
That fruit abundant may be found,
  For leaves and flowerets shed.

He sent the wild bee to its cell,
He knew each drop of dew that fell
  On the tree's thirsty root;
He bade the south wind gently sigh,
And dark clouds form a canopy,
  To shelter coming fruit.

He marks the green spring's tiniest blade,
He knows His trees, in sun and shade,
  On rock, or pasture green;
Oft scorned by others they may grow,
But Love its own doth ever know,
  Though shadows intervene.

"*Only believe.*" O wondrous words,
That wake the doubting soul's dull chords!
  'Tis Jesus pleadeth thus.
"Only believe!" O Lord of Light,
Help us to watch for Thee by night,
  Who watched long nights for us.

Thou who hast snatched my soul from death,
Help me to walk with Thee by faith,
  In darkness as by day,
Until this unbelieving heart
See Thee, my Saviour, as Thou art,
  When clouds have passed away.

Thou who, in dread Gethsemane,
Didst suffer deeper woe for me
  Than I may know, and live,—
Who gav'st Thy weakest power to tread
That path on which Thy blood was shed,
  And daily strength dost give,

Thou art "the same," though faith is low,
From Thee the streams of mercy flow;
  Jehovah Lord! "the same"
To-morrow, yesterday, to-day:
Unchanged Thy word with us shall stay,
  For Faithful is Thy name.

Draw me with cords of love to hear
And follow Thee without a fear,
  Though darkness veil Thy face:
Oh, let me meekly learn Thy will,
And know that Thou art with me still,
  Though not a step I trace.

Lord, is not love enough to win
Our hearts to Thee, where clouds and sin
  No more shall mar our rest;
Enough to bid our murmurs cease?
Unto the mourner whisper "peace,"
  And draw us to Thy breast.

THE WITHERED GOURD.

"I was dumb, I opened not my mouth; because Thou didst it."
PSALM xxxix. 9.

HEAR me, my God; and if my lip hath dared
To murmur 'neath Thy hand, oh, teach me now
To feel each inmost thought before Thee bared,
And this rebellious will in faith to bow.
Though I wept wildly o'er the ruined shrine,
Where earthly idols held Thy place alone,
Now purify and make this temple Thine,
And teach me, Lord, to say, "Thy will be done!"

The waters that had slaked my burning thirst
In the wild wilderness forgot to flow;
The gourd, whose growth I had too fondly nursed,
Soon ceased its fruit and foliage to bestow;
The fountains all were dry: but Thou didst bring
My fainting steps unto Thy path once more;
Thy love hath led me to that heavenly spring,
And gently bade me "drink, and thirst no more."

Beneath the shelter of the gourd I dwelt,
And in its beauty dreamt not of decay,
But soon it withered: then I trembling knelt,
I knew the voice that bade it fade away.
I watched the blossoms drooping at Thy word
In early morning, and at noon was gone
E'en the last promise of its buds! O Lord,
My heart refused to say, "Thy will be done!"

Ere the fierce fervour of the day was spent,
Thou, who didst bid my earthly shelter fade,
Had o'er my fainting head in mercy sent
A cloud more welcome than love's fleeting shade:
I blessed the hand that smote, the hand that healed;
For not in vain hath died the sinless One,
Who with His precious blood our pardon sealed,
And taught me, Lord, to say, "Thy will be done!"

What can I bring to offer that is mine?
A youth of sorrow and a life of sin.
What can I lay upon Thy hallowed shrine,
One hope of pardon for the past to win?
While thus a suppliant at Thy feet I bow,
Still dare I lift to Thee my tearful eyes;
I plead the promise of Thy word, that Thou
A broken, contrite heart wilt not despise.

What shall I bring? A bruiséd spirit, Lord,
Worn with the contest, pining now for rest,
And yearning for Thy peace, as some poor bird,
'Mid the wild tempest, seeks its mother's breast.
My sacrifice, the Lamb who died for me;
I plead the merits of Thy sinless Son;
I bring Thy promises; I trust in Thee.
In love Thou smitest; Lord, "Thy will be done!"

THE FIRST MISSIONARY.

"Come, see a man which told me all things that ever I did: is not this the Christ?"—JOHN iv. 29.

SHE left her pitcher at the well, and to her home returned,
The welcome words of life to bear, that in her full heart burned;
Her kindred and the stranger's ear alike the news receive
Of water from a hidden spring that Jesus waits to give.

With joyful haste and zealous love she turns to seek her home,
The ceaseless burden of her theme, "Behold, the Christ is come!
He waits, Messiah waits to bless, as none e'er blessed before;
Come, drink ye of the living stream! believe, and thirst no more."

She left her pitcher at the well, her thoughts still homeward bent,
Tears, marked by Jesu's eye alone, fell softly as she went;
"He told me all that e'er I did," the contrite sinner cried,
"Nor, to my wounded heart's relief, the healing balm denied.

"Yea, line by line my life's dark page He gently read me o'er,
He spake in wisdom and in love as man ne'er spake before,
Against my soul, so stained with sin, no curse of wrath was hurled:
Then knew I it was Christ the Lord, the Saviour of the world.

"Come and behold Messiah's face, of whom the people tell;
Oh, come and hear His holy voice, He waiteth by the well;
Oh, come to Christ!" Samaria's hills echo His name aloud,
And tidings of Messiah fly amid the wondering crowd.

Come *thou* where streams of love abound, and near the fount remain;
For he who drinks when Jesus draws shall never thirst again:
Linger no more by Meribah, of bitter memories rife,
Drink of the well that springeth up to everlasting life.

Hast thou, like her of Sychar, drunk of that blest fount? Then go,
Let others learn the health and life that from the waters flow.
Go forth, and in Jehovah's might thy voice shall yet be heard,
And wandering hearts shall turn and bless a feeble woman's word.

THE SOUL'S ALARUM.

"Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."—EPH. v. 14.

AROUSE thee, laggard Soul—awake—awake!
Rise and depart, for this is not thy rest;
Bend meekly down, and then as bravely take
The cross God lays on thee. Though sore distrest,
And weary be thy way, fear not! Look up:
He mighty is to save! He whispers, "Come."
Another wine shall fill thy brimming cup
In the bright mansions of thy Father's home.
To hosts of heaven, unseen by mortal eye,
He giveth charge to fence, to guard thy ways:
They do their Master's bidding joyfully,
And mark each triumph with a song of praise;
Not for their sins He died—He did not take
His cross to bear for them. Arise, O Soul! Awake!

HEAVEN'S JUBILEE.

"It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad; for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found."
LUKE xv. 32.

THERE'S joy in heaven! Earth, dost thou, too, share
The whispered tidings sweet?
No sound of gladness echoeth on the air
Where tread the hurrying feet;
Yet, in a lowly chamber which the crowd
Is heedless passing by,
Legions of angels swell the anthem loud
With songs of victory.

A king is there, and with a mighty hand
Setteth a prisoner free:
No crowd of courtiers in his presence stand,
No flatterers bow the knee.
A king he reigns on earth, on earth alone,
Vanquished for ever by a Mightier One.

Whom hath he freed? A pilgrim old and poor:
Yet angels on him wait;
A glorious host encamps around that door,
Seeming so desolate.
No weeping kindred clasp the feeble hand,
Nor breathe a parting prayer;
No loving friends beside his pillow stand,
His last fond glance to share.
More blest than this! ONE smiles a welcome down,
The eye of faith can see,
Who, pointing to the glory of His crown,
Whispers, "Still trust in ME."
One saint the less to earth's cold clime belongs,
Another voice hath joined the angels' songs.

There's joy in heaven! Yet below no strain
The jubilee hath told;
A loving Father welcomes home again
A wanderer to the fold.
Brought by the paths he knew not, by the way
No vulture's eye hath seen,
Behold a radiance round that soul to-day
That tells where it hath been.
The Cross—the badge of suffering and of shame,
He bendeth down to take,

And for the glory of His Master's name
Doth all on earth forsake:
The many mansions echo with the sound,
"Joy, joy in heaven! Behold the lost one found!"

There 's joy in heaven! Yet earth hurries on,
Nor one heart-throb it stirs;
No blood-bought kingdom, and no honour won,
No gold, no fame is hers:
But in a dwelling shunned as leper's cell,
A pale, sad woman weeps;
Her every tear hath Jesus noted well,
For tender watch He keeps.
Low in the dust she lies, the scorners point,
No pity doth she meet;
Yet sinner's hands did meekly once anoint
The Saviour's sacred feet.
Men scoff and turn aside; but angels gaze
In rapturous joy, and whisper, "Lo, she prays!"

THE COTTER'S PRAYER.

"Now also when I am old and greyheaded, O God, forsake me not."
PSALM lxxi. 18.
"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."—JOB xiii. 15.

HARK! from the cotter's hearth ascends
The hymn of joyful praise.
"For all thy blessed gifts, O God,
Our grateful hearts we raise.
This fond companion of my youth,
These children of our love,
Oh, make them Thine, preserve them Thine,
Until we meet above."

Again, beneath that humble roof,
I heard the cotter's prayer,
The childless partner of his grief
Was bowed beside him there;
The clear young voices, one by one,
Had dropped the hymn below,
To join a holier strain above
Than we on earth may know.

Though faltering fell his feeble voice,
I heard it raised to bless,
And still a cheerful song arose
Of praise and thankfulness.
"Thou, Lord, hast heard Thy servant's prayer,
Our children are Thine own;
But blessings hast Thou left us still:
Thy gracious will be done."

Upon his pale and furrowed brow
Waved locks of silver sheen,
And channels on the withered cheek
Told where the tears had been.
Once had he strove to check the grief
That pained another's gaze;
But now, his eyes may weep unmarked:
The soothing current stays.

Oh, there are woes no tears can soothe,
Nor human love relieve;
And harshly sounds the voice that bids
The mourner cease to grieve.
But tenderly there waiteth One,
The trusting soul to bless,
Who reads as none beside can read
The heart's own bitterness.

Days passed, and now the aged man
Knelt by that hearth alone;
Yet meekly still I heard him pray,
"O Lord, Thy will be done.
Thou didst bestow the blessings, once
So pleasant in my lot,
Thou hast recalled Thine own—'tis well!
Thou wilt forsake me not."

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

"The Lord redeemeth the soul of His servants; and none of them that trust in Him shall be desolate."—PSALM xxxiv. 22.

H, say not life must ever be a vale of tears and woe,
And that a dark and thorny path is only ours below.
How many a beam of light and love is o'er the pilgrim thrown!
What blossoms on a barren rock have by his pathway grown!

God placed us here; our tasks were marked by His almighty hand;
A fount of living waters springs in earth's most desert land.
'Twas love that turned the cup aside thy eager lip had quaffed,
'Twas wisdom saw (though fair to thee) the poison in the draught.

He healed the wound, in mercy dealt to save thee endless pain,
And tenderly the hand of love hath raised thee up again.
How many a day of health and joy the thankless heart receives,
Bewailing what love takes away, not heeding all it gives.

What though the darkness veil awhile the glad sun from our sight,
And weary hearts will sometimes faint, and winds the blossoms blight;
Yet in the sunshine and the storm we own a Father's care,
And though the tempest gather round, our God is everywhere.

THE UNRETURNING BRAVE.

"Death is swallowed up in victory."—1 Cor. xv. 54.

OH, mockingly to mourner's heart the songs of victory come!
They echo in the vacant place, round broken links of home.
We heard the tramp of armèd men; we turned aside to pray,
And questioned, 'mid the music's din, "Our loved ones, where are they?

"Welcome to all that come in peace! Stood ye beside *their* grave?
Oh, tell us of our loved and lost, our unreturning brave!
What message bring ye from the dead? what tidings do ye bear?
Oh, is this all; this blotted scroll, this blood-stained tress of hair?"

Not all. Oh, weep not hopelessly! A victory, nobler far
Than all the conquests earth hath seen won by the might of war,
Waited the bravest and the best; and now, the warfare done,
Look up to God, and ye shall learn where these beloved are gone.

For pennons waving in the field, for death-shout fierce and strong,
They see a host redeemed from sin, they hear a joyful song;
Through glory past all mortal ken they deeper glories trace,
And robed in Jesus' righteousness behold Him face to face.

Oh, tenderly and tearfully we tell each record o'er:
But heaven's bright kingdom nearer is than yon far foreign shore;
And manhood blushed not at the tears, though grief's full fount flowed fast;
Yet by the darkness of our day we knew their night had past.

In honour do we hold our dead, who, 'fore a scoffing world,
The holy banner of our hope in fearless faith unfurled,
And with the Word, the Spirit's sword, and with a heavenly shield,
Went forth to meet a deadlier foe on life's fierce battle-field.

Oh, prayerfully we name their names who rest in Christ have found,
Who loved to breathe to sinners' ears salvation's welcome sound,
And shared with thirsting souls and dark the grace the Saviour gave:
Still "Victory through the Lamb!" they cry, our bravest of the brave.

NIGHT WATCHES.

"Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you: but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that, when His glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy."—1 PETER iv. 13, 14.

"In the night His song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life."—PSALM xlii. 8.

THIS, O Lord, our consolation,
That through poverty and pain,
By the paths of tribulation,
We the gate of heaven shall gain;
Sweet to know that this cross-bearing
Thou hast made the Christian's dower:
Sharper thorns than we are wearing
Crowned Thee in Thy dying hour.

In this chamber dark and lonely,
While the sleepless hours go by,
'Tis enough to feel Thee only
Watching o'er me silently.

Every pulse is gladly thrilling,
As each promise gleams in light;
Happy tears mine eyelids filling
Fall in rapture at the sight.

No rude voice the silence breaketh,
God's own Spirit broodeth here;
And the soul in awe awaketh,
Feels th' Eternal presence near;
For a new-born sense discloses
Glimpses of the wondrous whole,
Whilst the God-man interposes
'Twixt the glory and the soul.

Words of light and wisdom endless
Wake communings in my breast,
Find me homeless, weary, friendless,
Leave me hopeful, loved, and blest.
O'er the jasper walls my spirit,
Hov'ring, drinks the airs of bliss
From that land I now inherit,
Though I weep awhile in this.

Fly not, shrink not, Soul! for o'er thee
Watcheth still the sleepless One;
He who bore thy sins before thee
Bears thee now before the throne.
On! but clinging ever nearer
To the love that suffering taught,
Count each holy lesson dearer
For the succour that it brought.

Can the soul its pinions measure,
Slumbering in a painless sleep?
He who seeks for hidden treasure
Dares the caverns of the deep.

He who woke the storm hath bound it,
  Christ controls the ocean's strife;
He who sought the pearl hath found it,
  Though 'twas purchased with His life.

Fear not then, O child of heaven,
  Depths that once thy Master trod,
Steps by which the saints have risen
  To a fellowship with God;
But in life's humiliation
  Darkest dealings still adore:
This shall be thy consolation,
  Jesus trod the way before.

Watching for the light of morning
  Let us cheer the night with song,
Till we see the Lord returning
  With His bright angelic throng.
Praise shall flow in mute thanksgiving,
  Praise shall swell each silent chord;
All our joy from heaven receiving,
  We will ever praise the Lord.

Then the soul thus consecrated
  Grief to gladness all shall turn:
Shall we weep that we have waited,
  Watching for our Lord's return?
When the eye the faint dawn catches,
  Herald of "the day" to be,
Shall we mourn these lone Night Watches,
  Passed with Thee, Lord, only Thee?

THE SOUL COMMITTING ITSELF TO GOD.

"Shew me Thy ways, O Lord: teach me Thy paths."—PSALM xxv. 4.
"Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee."—PSALM lxxiii. 25.

ATHER, for pleasant paths on earth
My spirit yearneth not;
For loving kindred's clasping hands
And home I ask Thee not.
I would forego all anxious thought
And cast on Thee my care,
Content to see Thy love in all,
To trace Thee everywhere.

Teach me to listen for Thy voice
When the storm howleth loud;
Help me to look for light from Thee
Beneath the darkest cloud;
To feel Thy hand the tempest rules,
That Thou canst hear and save,
That Thou hast bounded by Thy will
The wildest, stormiest wave.

The thunder yet was ne'er so loud
To drown the soul's faint cry,
Nor cloud so dark to hide Thy child
From Thine all-seeing eye.
Lighten mine eyes, that I may read
Thy will where'er I be,
And from each passing hour receive
A message, Lord, from Thee.

Lead me to seek, with patient prayer,
Thy counsel for my stay,
And look to Thee to guide my steps
In Thine appointed way;
With glad and grateful heart accept
The work Thy wisdom wills,
And bless the hand that all in love
My cup of sorrow fills.

Shew me the path that I should take,
What heart to cheer or bless,
Even as I would ask of Thee
For comfort in distress;
Content to share in others' joys,
And if this may not be,
Still happy that my chequered lot
Was chosen, Lord, by Thee.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

"And when they came that were hired about the eleventh hour, they received every man a penny."—MATT. xx. 9.

"I am the Light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."—JOHN viii. 12.

PERPLEXED, world-wearied with the strife,
My hands hung idly by my side;
Marred seemed the promise of my life,
I would have lain me down and died.
Unravelled mystery to me,
Lord, ere I loved Thy holy name,
That he, who worked one hour for Thee,
The Master's penny still might claim.

I, like the murmuring servant, thought
A higher guerdon God should pay
To wearied workers who had wrought
Throughout the noontide of the day.
I laboured not when noon was high,
No toilsome burden did I bear;
The precious hours went swiftly by,
And found a loiterer idling there.

Immeasurable mercy now
Breathes in that welcome call to me,
That I should hear Thy voice, and Thou
Shouldst let me work one hour for Thee.
One little hour to wait and watch,
As I had never watched before;
Thy gentlest whisper, Lord, to catch,
And lose Thee, leave Thee, never more!

The noonday of my life waned fast
When Christ, in sovereign love, passed by,
And over me His garment cast,
And cleansed me in the fountain nigh;
He girded me with linen fine,
And shod me for the mountain way.
Now I am His, and He is mine,
And so I work for Him to-day.

Long had I wept, and counted o'er
Each bleeding wound, each reckless loss,
When His sweet voice, unheard before,
Breathed softly, "Rise, take up thy cross."
I strove to raise it—fearful load!
How could I bear it—I, so weak?
I gazed upon the lengthening road,
And waited for my Guide to speak.

As with its weight I vainly strove,
Not knowing if to fall or flee,
He whispered still, in tenderest love,
"Trust in My truth, and follow Me."
New strength awoke in every limb,
New joys untasted and unknown;
I ask not His, I ask but Him,
He doth His own will with His own.

He passed before me on my way,
Cheered me with gracious words and sweet,
And through the glimmering twilight grey
He guided my oft-faltering feet.
Then closer to His side I drew;
We left behind the shades of night,
We travelled on. A roseate hue
Bathed all the mountain path with light.

At every passing cloud I quailed,
As if each shadow boded wrath;
And yet that face, in wisdom veiled,
Was bent in pity on my path.
Wounded, when sorrows round me spread
I sank with grief and pain opprest:
He dried my tears, my weary head
He pillowed on His gentle breast.

Fear not, my Soul, to trust Him now,
When fiercer foes around thee press;
His mercy cannot fail to flow,
He cannot cease to love and bless.
O Chief among ten thousand! Thou
Art all my soul desires to see;
Beam on my darkness, Jesus, now,
And give me strength to follow Thee.

SPIRIT VOICES.

"When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me."—PSALM xlii. 4.

NEARER and nearer day by day the distant voices come;
Soft through the pearly gate they swell, and seem to call me home.
The lamp of life burns faint and low; ay, let it fainter burn;
For who would weep the failing lamp when birds announce the morn?
I saw the faces of my loved gleam through the twilight dim,
And softly on the morning air arose the heaven-born hymn.
With looks of love they gazed on me, as none gaze on me now;
The glory of the Infinite surrounded every brow.
Fair lilies, star-like in their bloom, and waving palms they bore,
And oh, the smiles of peace and joy those heavenly faces wore!
Thou who hast fathomed death's dark tide, save me from death's alarms;
Beneath my trembling soul, oh, stretch Thine everlasting arms!
No second cross, no thorny crown can bruise Thy sacred brow;
Thou who the wine-press trod alone, o'er the dark wave bear me now.
A parting hour, a pang of pain, and then shall pass away
The veil that shrouds Thee where Thou reign'st in everlasting day.
No sin, no sigh, no withering fear, can wring the bosom there;
But basking in Thy smile I shall Thy sinless service share.
How long, O Lord, how long before Thou'lt take me by the hand,
And I, Thy weakest child, at last among Thy children stand?
Beyond the stars that steadfast shine my spirit pines to soar,
To dwell within my Father's house, and leave that home no more.

O Lord, Thou hast with angel food my fainting spirit fed;
If 'tis Thy will I linger here, bless Thou the path I tread;
And though my soul doth pant to pass within the pearly gate,
Yet teach me for Thy summons, Lord, in patience still to wait.

THE PROMISE.

"Thou hast girded me with strength to battle."—2 SAM. xxii. 40.

"AS thy day thy strength shall be:"
Thou, the Lord, the promise gave us;
Shall we look in vain for Thee
In the threatening hour to save us?
Precious promise breathed to me,
"As thy day thy strength shall be."

Lord, my trembling soul forgot
All my future lay before Thee!
Thou hadst fixed the wanderer's lot,
Thou in love wert watching o'er me.
Sinking soul, thy fears must flee,
"As thy day thy strength shall be."

God the promise writ in blood;
Dost thou dread that He will fail thee?
Death nor hell His might withstood;
Tremble not, though doubts assail thee:
Rest on Him, and thou wilt see,
"As thy day thy strength shall be."

THE STRANGER.

"He found him in a desert land, and in the waste howling wilderness; He led him about, He instructed him, He kept him as the apple of His eye."—DEUT. xxxii. 10.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."—REV. iii. 20.

FAR from the faithful pilgrim band
I wandered in a desert land;
My garments stained by earth's dark soil,
Feet torn, and weary with the toil
Of lengthened travel. Days had gone,
And left me heart-sick and alone.
Low in the dust I threw me there,
In sullen silence of despair,
And from the burden that I bore
A scroll I took: 'twas blotted o'er;
No page unmarred, each sore defaced
By wilful hands: and there I traced
The mystic characters I fain
Had hidden from my sight again.
Line after line I saw arise,
With sad upbraiding memories:
The sins of youth, of manhood's years,
Each footstep stained by blood or tears,
Until I dreamed that fiends around
Had chained me, in unhallowed ground,
And God foredoomed my wretched lot,
"Depart, depart; I know thee not!"
'Twas midnight in that desert land,
When, lo! I saw before me stand
A Stranger. Majesty and grace
Arrayed His form, and from His face

A lambent light of glory spread,
That o'er each passing footstep played.
With sweet compassion in His eye
He spake, "Return; why wilt thou die?
Behold the Lamb of God who died,
These pierced feet, this bleeding side!
With thorns for thee my brow was crowned,
These hands in anguish harshly bound,
That all thy sin might be forgiven:
I won thee hope, and peace, and heaven.
My blood can cleanse from every stain;
Say, shall that blood be shed in vain?"
With gentle gesture then He took
From my weak hand the blotted book,
And 'neath His garments, shining bright,
He hid the dark scroll from my sight.
In pleasant pastures, at His will,
He led me, and by waters still,
That I might learn His voice to know,
And seek where living fountains flow.
Then sandals bound He on my feet,
A song He taught me, strange and sweet;
Bound up my bleeding heart, and smiled,
And tenderly He called me "child."
He smiled upon me! Could it be,
The sinless One had smiled on me?
Thus was His quenchless love revealed,
And by His wounds my own are healed.
Long years He waited at my gate,
O thankless soul, that made Him wait!
I heard Him, and remained unmoved;
Yet still He knocked, and watched, and loved.
O tender love, unchanged alone
When earth's false joys and smiles were gone!

O mighty love, that stooped to bless
The wanderer in the wilderness!
By Thee alone the feeble stand,
And none shall pluck them from Thy hand.

THE DESERT DREAM.

"God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed; then He openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction."—JOB xxxiii. 14–16.

"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof; but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth."—JOHN iii. 8.

THE trackless desert's burning sand around the wanderer spread,
The dead air ceased to echo back the weary camel's tread;
He turned him to the glowing sky, pale in the day-god's blaze,
Then far across the scorching plain he cast his sickening gaze.
Alone he stood: no welcome stream nor mountain's shadow broke
The boundless waste, no sound of life the deep dim silence woke:
Alone—if 'tis to be alone when memory's spells are cast
To summon phantoms from the dead, and voices of the past
Long woven in the tangled web of this mysterious brain,
Till time and space are things of nought, and all is ours again.

* * * * * * * *

More slowly move the wandering band, veiled is the slumberer's brow,
No longer o'er the drear expanse his spirit broodeth now.
'Mid the wild woodlands of his home, beside the mountain stream,
His boyhood's sports, his manhood's hopes, are crowding on his dream:
The thousand memories that time hath shadowed with his wing,
And forms long silent in the grave, about his pathway cling;

The willows with their drooping boughs their chequered shadow cast,
The summer breeze sweeps o'er the wave as when he saw it last:
The dew still sparkles; not a blade but bends beneath its gem,
And not a flower but hails the day with its bright diadem.

But sweeter things than summer flowers that slumbering sense reveals:
One vanished form that heaven hath claimed upon his vision steals,
And whispered words are blending with the water's gentle flow,
From fond lips murmuring near his own, in tones as soft and low
As if the sweet task still were theirs his gloomy fate to bless,
As if the world had never wreathed his life with bitterness.
The bright cheek pillowed on his breast wears still the smile it wore,
One faithful hand hath clasped his own that he will clasp no more.

Here mingled friendships, formed ere yet the world's dark field of strife
Was entered; when the loyal heart, with generous impulse rife,
Gave forth the rich untutored thought the future laughed to scorn,
Or uttered with a withering sneer the young lip ne'er had worn.
Man's graver converse blends with sports of boyhood's boisterous glee,
And childish prayers his lip had lisped beside a mother's knee.
Amidst them all, distinct and slow, a measured music swells,
And hill and valley seem to breathe the sound of Sabbath bells.
Softly the ancient village chime comes o'er the wave, as clear
As though the passing breeze had borne the echo to his ear.

The slumberer starts: no memories rise with forms that meet his eye,
Yet still upon his rapt ear hangs the well known melody.
He veils his face, but not to shun the noontide's fiery ray,

Though e'en the desert's swarthy child droops on his weary way;
The dark and fiercely-glancing orbs that on his wakening gleam
Are other than the looks of love that smiled upon his dream.
Solemn, and wondrous sweet, again peals forth that holy chime,
And the wanderer bendeth low his knee, as in that Sabbath time;
And he who mocked at sin and death, and scorned another's woe,
The desolation of a life in one brief hour doth know.

Rising amid the past there springs the prayer of early years;
Upon the hot sand, thick and fast, unshamed fall manhood's tears.
He hides his face, and from his soul ascends a smothered cry:
Christ in compassion looketh on that strong man's agony;
The Holy One, who wept for us, listens in love to him.
"Help me, O Lord!"—that prayer hath sped through ranks of seraphim;
It trembles o'er the golden harps, it floats 'mid songs of praise,
Mingling with glad hosannahs which rejoicing angels raise;
And deeper, louder, sweeter now, from sphere to sphere rolls on,
"Behold, he prayeth! Praise to God, a soul for Jesus won!"

Thus in the world's wild wilderness, where springs and shade are none,
When hopes, like dreams, have passed away, and youth's bright scenes are gone,
Across the channels of our tears, whose deep fount long hath dried,
Comes o'er the heart's drear waste some sound that home hath sanctified.
Mock not the dreamer. Canst thou track the spirit's mystic flight?
Vainly ye seek to raise the veil that shrouds it from the sight:
He from the shadowy land beholds the forms none else may see,
Some echo lingereth in his ear although unheard by thee.

Oh, mock him not! thou canst not tell where that rapt soul hath
been;
Thou canst not trace the link that binds the seen to the unseen.
To long lost peace it gently calls, of suffering mercy tells,
And pale lips, long unused to pray, have blessed such Sabbath
bells.

THE FAITHLESS SOUL.

"Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?"—MATT. viii. 26.

ANXIOUS, brooding heart, be still, and learn
That love is faith. Can human sense discern
God's hidden purposes? and wouldst thou ask
That each be made all clear to thee? Thy task
Lies in obedience. Look thou back, and see
How thou wert cared for; mark how over thee
And thy young life was spread th' unwearying care
Of Him, the sleepless Shepherd. Pathways fair
Were for thy faltering feet in mercy made,
And light broke o'er thee through the gloomiest shade;
Thy dull heart quickened to a joyful song,
Though human love cheered not thy steps along.
By gentle rivers of refreshment oft,
Though wandering, thou wert led; and borne aloft
In arms that failed thee not, still fondly watched,
From hidden dangers and destruction snatched.
God is not changed: He, thy Shepherd, reads
Thy faithless heart, yet still the way He leads;
While o'er the rising billows of life's sea,
"Save or I perish!" brings Him close to thee.

THE WAYFARER.

"Whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in my name, because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward."
MARK ix. 41.

THERE is a straight and narrow path,
Hedged in with many a thorn,
And they who reach the starry height
The Martyr's badge have borne.
The blood that tracks their wounded feet
Their trailing robes may hide;
But they who mark the tear-stained cheek
Pass on the other side.

The Father from on high beheld
A wayward, erring child,
A pilgrim from the paths of peace,
Of treasured joys beguiled.
He marked the wanderer from the way
By treacherous robbers led;
He saw how faint life's pulses beat,
How sore the wounds that bled.

The worldling, heeding not his pain,
Gazed on him as he lay;
The priest, in pomp and scornful pride,
Went coldly on his way.
Not so the Saviour, and not so
The servant He doth send;
E'en angels glory in the task,
The helpless to defend.

Blest work! to cheer the weary heart,
Or others' burdens bear;
Point to the balm of Gilead,
The good Physician there.
The bleeding wounds the Saviour binds,
Pours in the oil and wine,
And the stranger from His gracious hand
Commendeth unto thine.

The tear of pity falleth not
Unvalued in His sight;
His treasury holds each tender word
Safe with the widow's mite.
Beware how thou the stranger scorn,
Deal gently with his pain;
The debt of love Christ will repay
When He returns again.

TO THE MEMORY

Of a beloved little Friend, who broke off her song on Earth to begin a song in Heaven, Sept. 15, 1856.

"Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of My Father which is in heaven."—MATT. xviii. 10.

"MIND you remember me!" Each lisping word
Seems now a solemn warning, sad and sweet,
As if from angel lips that voice were heard
Whispering of home, where we again shall meet.
O loving child, couldst thou our sorrow see,
Then would it answer, We remember thee!

How shall we think of thee? 'Tis hard to bear
The clinging memories rising round thee now;
The rippling beauty of thy sunny hair,
The earnest thought that crowned thy fair young brow:
These in my heart a hallowed store will be,
And still it whispers, I remember thee!

Shall we forget how on thy failing tongue
"Our Father" trembled in thy childish pain,
And light upon that foaming billow flung
Sent but to bear thee to His arms again?
Each happy hymn of thine that once could thrill
My heart to tears seems breathing round me still.

We will remember thee! Not as the dead;
But as a messenger on earth's dark ways,
With radiant wings for heaven's bright climate spread,
And bird-like voice attuned to songs of praise.
'Mid the blest band we fondly picture thee,
And through the song sounds still, "Remember me!"

The Lord had need of her. The little bird
Hath winged her way unto the far-off land.
God's golden harps the listening soul hath heard;
She, wondering, waves a palm branch in her hand.
O happy child, from sin and sorrow free!
Thy gracious Saviour hath remembered thee.

O Jesus, who dost comprehend alone
The depth of all our sorrow and our loss,
Be Thou the Comforter, Thou Holy One,
And give us strength to meekly bear Thy cross!
Teach us by faith Thy love, O Lord, to see,
And though we weep let us remember *Thee!*

THE ANGEL MESSENGER.

"And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds."—Job xxxvii. 21.

SORROW! thou art God's angel. On thy track
A thousand holy messengers have come,
Calling Thy wandering child in mercy back,
Pointing afar, and softly whispering, "Home."
Upon thy path I trace the footsteps bright
Of One who for my sake with thee hath trod;
His tears still gem the thorns, until the light
Blends into radiance, leading on to God.
The fathomless dark depths hath Jesus passed,
And left a lamp to radiate the tomb;
And now amid the gloom its beams are cast,
The lonely valley's darkness to illume.
Thou art God's angel, Sorrow. Though thy face,
Veiled by thy shadowy wings, is hid awhile,
Sweet is the message on thy scroll we trace,
A holy rapture hath thy parting smile.
Cowards are we! Fain would we pass thee by
When thou wouldst wake the soul by sin long stained;
But at thy flight we own thy ministry,
And find we have an angel entertained.

PSALM XLII.

AS for the pleasant water brooks
Panteth the hart in vain,
So doth my thirsting soul, O God,
Thy presence long to gain.

Yea, with my God, the living God,
My spirit pants to be;
When shall I quit this weary frame,
And fly, my Lord, to Thee?

My tears have fallen night and day,
Where scorners proudly trod;
Coldly they gaze upon my grief,
And cry, "Where is thy God?"

When I remember former times,
I give my sorrow way;
Once to Thy house I led the throng,
To keep Thy holy day.

Why art thou thus bowed down, my soul?
Light soon shall round thee spread;
Hope in the God thou yet shalt praise,
Be not disquieted.

O Lord, my soul is sorrowful:
I will remind me still
Of Jordan and the Hermonites,
From Mizar's sheltering hill.

Deep calleth unto deep; the storms
And billows o'er me roll;
Thy waves obeyed Thy word, and swept
Above my trembling soul.

Yet in the day Thou wilt command
Thy loving care for me;
And in the night my song shall rise,
God of my life, to Thee.

Daily my foes' reproaches pierce
My spirit as a sword;
"Where is thy God?" the scoffers cry,
And wound me with a word.

O God, my Rock, forget'st Thou me
While thus oppressed I lie?
Why go I mourning all my days
Before the enemy?

Why art thou cast down, O my soul,
Beneath the chastening rod?
Hope thou in Him: thou yet shalt praise
Thy Saviour and thy God.

THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

"I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye."—PSALM xxxii. 8.

SPEAK to me, Lord! not in the thunder cloud,
Nor in the whirlwind, lest I hear and die;
Nor let the fearful tempest, hurling loud,
Fright my sad soul with its iniquity.
Speak in Thy still small voice, as it is heard
By patient watchers waiting at Thy feet;
O gracious Spirit! by Thy Holy Word
Draw Thou the sinner to Thy mercy-seat.
Man doth make dark Thy counsel. Oh, speak Thou
Till a great calm subdues the billows wild!
Thy grace sufficeth! Lord, Thy *grace* bestow,
And with Thy counsel guide Thy weakest child.

SEED TIME AND HARVEST.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."—PSALM cxxvi. 5, 6.

GO forth, though weeping, bearing precious seed;
Still sow in faith, though not a blade is seen.
Go forth. The Lamb Himself the way will lead,
The everlasting arms are o'er thee spread,
And grain shall ripen where thy tears have been.

Take up thy burden; bear it joyfully;
Fear not sin's darkest cave to enter in;
Though fierce thy foe, yet Israel's Lord is nigh,
And o'er thy fellow-men He hears thee sigh,
Seeking for Him thou lov'st a soul to win.

Go forth. There is no shadow on thy brow,
No tear that rises, no swift cry to bless
The seed thou bearest, but He heedeth. Thou
Shalt soon rejoice; light breaketh even now:
On to the mark of thy high calling press.

The pastures of the wilderness may mock
Thine earnest labours. Look thou to the hills:
God shall the chambers of His dew unlock,
Till living water from the smitten rock
With fertilizing streams each furrow fills.

Fret not for sheaves: a holy patience keep;
Look for the early and the latter rain,
For all that faith hath scattered love shall reap.
Gladness is sown: thy Lord may let thee weep,
But not one prayer of thine shall be in vain.

'Tis thy Belovéd gently beckons on;
His love illumes for thee each passing cloud.
When yon fair land of light at last is won,
And seed time o'er, and harvest work begun,
He'll own the fruit that shadows now enshroud.

Behold, the Master standeth at the door!
Cry for Sabaoth's Lord! raise thou thy voice!
Short hour of labour, soon shall it be o'er:
The dawn is breaking, night shall be no more;
Then with Thy harvest, Lord, Thou shalt rejoice.

BETHESDA.

"Behold, for peace I had great bitterness: but Thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption; for Thou hast cast all my sins behind Thy back."—Isa. xxxviii. 17.

NO angel, Lord, I wait to see,
Nor seraph drawing near;
I watch *Thy* glance to fall on me,
Thy welcome voice to hear.
Thou needest not that I should tell
How, by Thy fount apart,
Long time my tears unheeded fell,
In loneliness of heart.

Weeping and waiting still I lay,
No hand was stretched to save:
While souls in peace went on their way,
Healed by the troubled wave,
I in the bondage of my sin
Mourned in my grief untold;
Yet Thou I knew hadst died to win
The wanderer to the fold.

From my dark life's defiléd stream
I looked for light to spring,
Some glory on my soul to beam,
Though from an angel's wing.
Nor angel's wing, nor angel's speech,
Nor bright celestial sign,
Can fallen men their vileness teach:
We wait one glance of Thine.

We hew us broken cisterns here,
For solace in our woes,
While by the wayside, pure and clear,
Salvation's fountain flows.
Too prone to seek to walk by sight,
We miss Thee on our way,
To make our lowliest labour light,
And turn our night to day.

We choose our path (oh, weak and blind!)
The Shepherd's arms we fly;
While He our souls are faint to find,
Veiled in humanity,
Lives with the flock; we little prize
Life's common tasks to share,
And yet His weakest recognize
His hidden glory there.

Give us Thy promised help, O Lord;
All hope from earth is gone;
Oh! speak Thou by Thy Holy Word:
We cannot walk alone.
Thou only know'st how long I strove,
How long thou know'st, my soul:
Put forth, O Lord, Thy hand of love,
And make the sinner whole.

THE VALLEY OF BLESSING.

"If any man serve me, let him follow me: and where I am, there shall also my servant be."—JOHN xii. 26.

BE still, be still. Oh! hush the woe
That in your heart is swelling;
For in that midnight chamber
The angel Death is come.
The tongue, long sealed in silence, now
Of happy rest is telling;
The servant of the Lord of hosts
The Lord hath summoned home.

Be still, be still. Hush! clear and strong,
From pale lips, as they quiver,
A gush of heavenly praise is heard,
With the happy smile of yore:
"Christ is my all" (ah! 'tis enough),
"Christ is my own for ever!
He is most lovely to my heart,
I long to love Him more."

Be still, be still. Death's agonies
The strong man's frame hath holden;
But His pierced hand, who conquered death,
Hath set His loved one free.
This valley seems a sea of light
In a sunset clear and golden;
For Christ hath said, that where He is,
There shall His servant be.

Be still, be still. He marks your tears,
And fain would calm your sorrow:
He whispers, "'Tis but Nature,*
Not the soul, *that* cannot die!
Only a night of anguish, then
A bright and glad to-morrow:
Farewell! but I shall love ye all
Throughout eternity."

Be still, be still. What vision fair
That bed of pain surroundeth?
He sees the angels gathering there,
With kindling eye and brow.
Hark! from his dying lips a shout
Of rapturous joy resoundeth:
And where the heavenly Master dwells,
Is the happy servant now.

Be still, be still. Lay down the Cross,
And leave earth's woes behind thee;
Take up the palm, and wear the crown,
These spoils are won for thee;
Amid the white-robed multitude
We know that we shall find thee;
For Jesus whispers, "Where I am,
There shall my servant be."

* The last words of a beloved servant of God, fallen asleep in Jesus. During the pains of death, he burst forth in a hymn he loved, though his pale lips quivered in agony. "It is nature," he said, as he marked the tears of his daughters, who wept that they could not alleviate his pain. "This is not the soul. Christ is my all. He is most lovely. I long to love Him more;" and pointing to a spot where he said the angels were visible to him, he waved his hand in triumph, and, with a glad "Alleluia" on his lips, expired.

SOVEREIGN LOVE.

"Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us."
1 JOHN iii. 1.

'TWAS love, abounding love, that won
The Father to bestow the Son,
To bear His people's shame.
The guiltless One by fools reviled,
The Servant meek, the Holy Child,
Jesus! Oh, welcome name!

'Twas love that drew the Saviour down
From angels' songs and heavenly throne,
Upon the cross to die.
Love bore the taunt, the scourge, the woe,
(That hour of darkness none may know,)
And all for such as I!

What brought Thee from Thy rest above,
Thou Holy One, Thou spotless Dove,
On man's hard heart to fall?
Witness of Three in One to bless,
Of wisdom, power, and faithfulness,
'Twas love that did it all!

Love did it all, undying love,
That sin, nor time, nor change can move,
Tender, enduring, strong.
The love that hath my sins forgiven,
That makes my portion and my heaven,
Shall swell my happy song.

I'll sing it in the sinner's ear,
I'll tell it to the worldlings near,
And ask no other theme:

'Twill flow to soothe the mourner's wail;
Children will hold the oft-told tale
Dearer than fiction's dream.

Oh, lead me, Holy Dove, to rest,
Safe on my Saviour's loving breast
Eternally to dwell;
There every cross I can recall,
And praise the love that ordered all:
Love doeth all things well.

A VINEYARD SONG.

"Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me."—2 Cor. xii. 9.

ORK in me, Lord. I would labour
In Thy vineyard for awhile,
Thou my feeble faith rewarding
With the bounty of Thy smile.
Work in me.

Work by me, Lord. I would scatter
Seed by paths that I must tread;
Help me on the flowing waters
Fearlessly to cast my bread.
Work by me.

Work for me, Lord. Thou hast chosen
Things as vile, as base, as weak.
Let Thine angel go before me,
Give the word Thou'dst have me speak.
Work for me.

Work through me, Lord. I am foolish;
But *my* strength Thou dost not need.
Lo! I cast me on Thy love, Lord;
Work Thou by a broken reed.
Work through me.

MIDNIGHT AND DAWN.

"At even, then ye shall know that the Lord hath brought you out from the land of Egypt; and in the morning, then ye shall see the glory of the Lord."—EXODUS xvi. 6, 7.

DARK my shadowed path below,
Yet, O Lord, I trace Thee here.
Welcome, midnight, for I know
That the dawn is drawing near.

Never yet the cloudless blue
On my soul in glory shone,
Like the stars, that brighter grew,
Numbered nightly one by one.

False lights would have lured me on,
But Thy Spirit's matchless ray
Steadfast o'er my pathway shone,
And revealed my bark astray;

Wafted from my clinging hands,
All I loved are drifted far;
Christ amid the tempest stands,
Pointing where my treasures are.

Billows o'er me now may roll,
Sunshine cheer me—God knows best;
Welcome waves 'neath His control
Bear me onward to my rest.

On to Zion's happy shore
Thou to guide my bark art come;
Shall I fear the billows' roar?
They but bear the wanderer home.

Sweet the breeze that bloweth thence,
And my fainting soul it thrills;
Myrrh and fragrant frankincense
Tell me of the distant hills.

Welcome, need that brought Thee near,
Jesus! Friend of sinners; mine
Thus Thy precious voice to hear,
Thus to grasp Thy robe divine.

Were my dark sins numbered up,
Whither should a trembler flee?
Ah! He drained wrath's bitter cup,
Drained its very dregs for me.

Nothing of my faithlessness
Thundered He when Satan raved.
No! His still voice did but bless:
"*Look to Me, and be ye saved.*"

Welcome, dawn that never dies,
Day that needs nor star nor sun,
Where no tear-mists ever rise,
Hiding Thee, Eternal One.

A THOUGHT ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

"A sound of battle is in the land, and of great destruction."—JER. l. 22.

"Thine eyes shall see Jerusalem a quiet habitation, a tabernacle that shall not be taken down: not one of the stakes thereof shall ever be removed, neither shall any of the cords thereof be broken. But there the glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams, wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby."—ISAIAH xxxiii. 20, 21.

A THOUSAND voices rise on high,
Glad in the new-fought victory,
And heads are bent in prayer;
But thousand tongues, that erst have filled
The air with shouts, for aye are stilled,
And are not numbered there.

Prayers to the God of peace resound,
To bless the carnage strewed around,
And nerve each hand with might;
That when they rise the foe to meet,
Some brother, smitten at their feet,
May perish in the fight.

Cain's altar, where we boldly bring
Earth's fruits—unholy offering—
In sacrifice to God;
Earth's fruits, of anger, strife, and sin,
His pure and perfect sight to win,
Upon a blood-stained sod.

Weep, rather weep. The widow weeps,
The orphan mourns, the strife that steeps
The reeking blade in gore.
Yea, blush that this our boasted age
With tears and blood blots history's page,
Then smiles to read it o'er:

Wresting God's pure and Holy Word
To sanction warfare and the sword,
And prays for Him to bless
The hand upraised a life to take,
And with each stroke some heart to make
Widowed or fatherless.

A thousand voices breathe around,
And blood speaks from the soddened ground:
Both shall God's hearing win.
Lord, when before Thy throne we stand,
Oh, pity our benighted land,
Its sacrifice and sin.

Why tarriest Thou, O Zion's King?
When shall Thy Bride exulting sing
The glories of that day,
When love in every soul shall live,
With peace the world can never give,
Nor ever take away?

When shall our sad hearts cease to mourn?
When shall our swords to ploughshares turn?
Unto the far-off shore
Our gallant vessels o'er the wave
Bear forth our loved ones and our brave,
Who will return no more.

O Israel's Hope! O Prince of Peace!
When shall this strife and bloodshed cease?
When shall Thy coming be?
Thy people's prayers Thine audience claim;
Let all the nations own Thy name.
We wait, we watch for Thee.

THE ANGEL OF THE COVENANT.

"If Thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence."—Ex. xxxiii. 15.

SEND not Thine angel Death, O my loved Lord,
To call me hence, unless with him I see
Thine own all-glorious presence—Thee, the Word,
Through the dark valley—home to welcome me.

Vain were the angels' harps, or seraph's song,
Beauty of cherubim, and heaven's pure air,
With all my loved ones, in assembled throng
To greet my sight, if Thou wert absent there.

Shew me Thy gracious smile upon the way;
Oh, let me hail Thy face, my soul's adored;
And darkest midnight, welcome as the day,
Shall bring my Morning Star, my risen Lord.

THE MIDNIGHT MESSAGE.

"As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."
ISAIAH lxvi. 13.

NEVER on my ear thus faintly
Breaks the falling fountain's play,
Never thus yon fragrant blossoms
Scent the air at close of day,
But a midnight vigil rises
That I kept afar, alone;
Life till then a mystic problem,
And its holier tasks unknown.

Thus a fountain's measured plashing
I had heedless rested by,
Wearied like the world's cold wisdom
With its dull monotony.
Other sounds had sunk in silence,
Not a voice of love or cheer
Whispered in the deepening shadows
Tones familiar to mine ear.

Struggling rose my prayer of anguish,
Like a bird of weary wing
Beating 'gainst a closéd portal,
Falling faint and fluttering.
Not a breeze had moved a leaflet
Of the wild magnolia's bloom,
When a blossom fell beside me,
In that night of grief and gloom.

Not a starry beam broke o'er it,
Yet it breathed its breath of balm,
Gleaming fire-flies around it
Joined in nature's silent psalm;
And that cool, fair stranger flower
Might some tender friend have been,
Who had sought me in my sorrow,
And had watched me all unseen;

For I drooped my throbbing forehead
O'er the blossom on my knee,
Murmuring, "Where art thou, my mother,
With thy love to comfort me?"
Deep the pause; then softly sighing,
From that solemn sea-girt shore
Came a voice, whose echo lingers
In my sad heart evermore,

"Rise," it seemed to say, "forlorn one,
Lift thee bravely from the sod,
Life hath still its tasks—arouse thee!
All must change but heaven and God;
God, who careth for the sparrow,
God, who marks each lily fade,
God, who bounds with sand the ocean,
Who the sun's bright chambers laid,

"He hath spread abroad the curtain,
Shrouding from the world the light,
Yet above each helpless sleeper
Watcheth through the hours of night.
Doth He scorn the sorrow-stricken?
Doth He coldly mark thy woe?
No! with gentle benediction
God the Father looks below,

"Counts the bitter tears unceasing
On thy claspéd hands which fall,
Treasures up thy prayers unspoken,
And thy heart-pangs numbereth all.
ONE who was with grief acquainted,
Walked the earth alone and poor,
And each woe the Man of Sorrows
Girds the weakest to endure.

"Think upon that anguished vigil
When His blood was wept for thee,
And thy soul will find a solace
From that dread Gethsemane.
He hath trod the way thou treadest,
Felt the scourge, endured the scorn;
Every pang that thou canst suffer
Christ, the Sinless One, hath borne.

"Trust to Him who died to save thee;
Rest and home—they are not here;
Fairer mansions He hath won thee,
Where the skies are bright and clear.
There, from eyes long used to weeping,
Jesus wipes away the tear;
Sweeter sounds than earth's sweet music
Greet the dulled and heavy ear.

"There await thee ransomed spirits,
Who have watched and wept like thee.
They could lead thee, couldst thou follow,
Where no wrong, no tears, can be.
God, who feeds the lowly sparrow,
Bids thee trust Him. Watch, and wait;
For the soul that rests upon Him
Never can be desolate."

Softly stole the dawn around me,
Every sleeping blossom woke,
And the fountain's falling waters
On my ear in music broke.
Then I said, "O soul, henceforward
Seek no more thy rest below.
See! the shadows flee before me,
And the day breaks. Let me go.

"Forward to the Land of Promise,
Steep the mountain path may be;
But I know whose hand of mercy
Through each danger guideth me.
Doubt and fear alike have vanished
With the burden that I bore;
Christ hath loved me, sought me, found me,
I am His for evermore."

THE FLOWER ON THE GRAVE.

"If the dead rise not, then is Christ not raised."—1 Cor. xv. 16.

AS late I paused, in mournful musing, o'er
A new-made grave, my inward thoughts were rife
Of her who sought the sepulchre of yore
With spices to embalm the Lord of life.
"He is not here you seek, lo! He is risen,"
Spake angel-watchers, while the mourner wept.

* * * *

The King of kings hath burst His rock-bound prison!
He too can wake the soul that here hath slept.
His voice had summoned, from earth's wintry bosom,
Long slumbering nature—held in icy thrall;
And on the grave there bloomed a little blossom,
Whispering of him for whom our tear-drops fall.
To my sad heart it was an angel's warning:
"He whom you weep inhabits not the sod,
The eastern star, on death's dark midnight dawning,
Fell on the grave, and lit his way to God.
Clothed in mean garb, earth's narrow bounds may nourish
The spirit-buds, enfolded darkly there,
But the freed blossom in yon clime shall flourish;
Ages fleet by, and leave it yet more fair."
Thus to the little flower a voice was given;
Its heavenly wisdom soothed a mourner's grief,
Teaching that he I wept with Christ had risen:
"Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief."

SWEET COUNSEL.

"Then they who feared the Lord spake often one to another; and the Lord hearkened, and heard it: and a book of remembrance was written before Him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon His name."—MALACHI iii. 16.

H, tell me no more of the days to come
When earth shall again be fair;
Yon spirit-land hath a rarer light
Than ever the earth can wear.
Still speak of that home where the happy dwell,
Of service—from sin set free,
Of the holy song of the ransomed tell,
For sweet is that song to me.

Let us speak of that Friend who can never change,
Of the glory His people know,
Of the voiceless joy which the Spirit breathes,
That we trembling taste below.
Oh, if you would gladden my lips with smiles,
As the shadows of death come on,
Dwell on the dawn of that brighter day,
The weary on earth have won.

Tell of the Cross, where my Saviour bled,
That my soul may forget her fears,
Point where the Son for the sinner pleads,
And wipeth the sinner's tears.
There are mansions bright in my Father's house,
And will He not guide me home?
Yea, soft to my soul through the pearly gate,
The Spirit and Bride say, "Come."

THE WAY HOME.

"Art thou not it which hath dried the sea, the waters of the great deep; that hath made the depths of the sea a way for the ransomed to pass over?"
Isa. li. 10.

MUSED on the pain and the terror
That wait on the body's last breath,
Till I sank 'neath distrust's galling fetter,
Bowed down in the bondage of death.

While I pondered on passing the Jordan,
My spirit waxed cold as the wave;
Thy joy, O my Lord, had departed,
And left me the gloom of the grave.

He who ruleth the billows, and reigneth,
Was hid from my vision awhile,
And alone in my grief I went mourning,
Bereft of the Holy One's smile.

He who spake to the prophets before us,
Speaketh once and again in a dream.
In slumber I passed a green valley,
And stood on the banks of a stream;

A silvery mist veiled the distance,
One star its soft radiance gave,
Shedding light on my feet when I rested,
And beams on the dark troubled wave.

I watched the chill shadows of midnight
Float over the mountain afar,
And my pathway seemed marked through the river
By rays of the bright morning star.

White lilies gleamed fair in the twilight,
And beauteous blossoms of blue
Clustered close to my steps, and I marked them
The fairer for night's heavy dew.

I gazed from the earth to the heavens,
Whence the star of the morning appeared;
That glance filled my soul with its glory,
No longer I tarried or feared.

Then I saw but the Guide who had led me,
As, faltering and feeble, I strove
To follow the footprints of Jesus,
Upheld by His sovereign love.

Like a whispering song from the wavelets
Was the voice of that vision to me:
"Faint heart, dost thou shrink from death's terror,
When Christ bore its anguish for thee?

"The Jordan flows soft as Siloam,
Yon star points the way to thy home;
Thou shalt not see death, but Jehovah,
When thy Lord o'er the wave whispers, 'Come.'

"Keep thine eye on the Star of the Morning,
And the river of death shall divide;
The rock of thine heart in the noonday
Hath rest for the calm eventide.

"Thy foes shall soon perish behind thee,
O'erwhelmed in the wild raging deep,
And the arms of thy Lord shall enfold thee
When thou wak'st from thy last silent sleep.

"No more shalt thou tremble to wander,
No more shalt thou droop in thy pain;
Thy sorrows shall sink in the river,
Thou shalt not behold them again."

Oh, welcome, sweet Star of the Morning,
I'll praise Thee with life's latest breath;
Come Thou in the clouds of Thy glory,
Or bright in the shadow of death.

MEETING IN THE MANY MANSIONS.

"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple: and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—Rev. vii. 14-16.

THOU, my friend, that stooped to love me
From thy soul's height, calm and clear,
Out of sight thou soar'st above me,
Canst thou draw in pity near?

In thy spirit's bright expansion,
Canst thou pass the tideless flood,
Leave thy long preparéd mansion
In the city of our God?

Now the earthly veil removéd,
Hope by glad fruition sealed,
Dost thou call me still "beloved"
With each sin in light revealed?

Dost thou love me? wilt thou know me,
In yon spirit-land of bliss,
When I lived so far below thee
While we lingered once in this?

Not a grief of mine can reach thee,
Not a tear can dim thy sight,
Yet what lessons thou couldst teach me
From that living land of light.

Thou hast caught some faint reflection
Of the Day-star's glorious rays;
Lips, once silent in dejection,
Vocal thrill with songs of praise.

And thy feet are washed, and never
Shalt thou soil them. Pure and white
Is thy raiment now for ever,
And in Jesu's brightness bright.

Wilt thou know me, O long parted,
Changed in glory though we be?
Thou who lov'dst the lonely-hearted
Shall a soul rejoicing see;

See it with no sin to cloud it,
In that home where we shall meet,
Far from sorrows that have bowed it,
Pressing on to Jesu's feet;

Led by streams of life eternal,
Taught of Him whose words are truth,
In a land for ever vernal,
Fair in summer's earliest youth;

Joyful for past tribulation,
Stronger for each heart-wrung sigh,
Fonder for my desolation,
Richer for my poverty.

Shall we weep that God doth gather,
One by one, His children home?
Shall we hopeless mourn them? Rather
Let us watch for Him to come.

THE FOUNTAIN IN THE DESERT.

"God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water."—GEN. xxi. 19.
"This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend."—SOL. SONG v. 16.

GIVE smiles to them whose hearts are glad, and weep
with them that weep;
But all thy soul's deep agonies for Christ's sweet comfort keep.
Thy wrongs and griefs, unveil them not for others' eyes to scan;
The scars thy wounded bosom hides were never healed by man.

To help us at our sorest need no kindred soul draws nigh,
We fold our hands and still our sobs, nor ask for sympathy.
There are no words for speechless woe: no words the Saviour
needs;
Thy tearful glance implores His aid, thy very silence pleads.

"Blessed are ye that mourn"—behold His tender hands outspread;
Blessed are ye that hear His voice—"Ye shall be comforted."
Then seek Him, O thou bruiséd heart; each tear thy Lord doth
know,
For He that smote the hidden source forbids them not to flow.

When did He coldly pass on earth one eye with sorrow dim?
"Come unto *Me*," He softly breathes. Take thou thy grief to Him.
The crown of thorns encircled then unseen His sacred brow:
Oh, hath He ceased to love, who wears the crown of glory now?

Reveal the sins that wound thee sore to Him who loves thee best:
He waits to cheer thy soul, and soothe thy terror on His breast;
He pitieth with a mother's love, a father's tenderest care.
O faithless child, arise, and see thy Friend, thy Saviour, near.

No longer in the desert weep by wells so early dry;
But, looking up to God, behold His angel hovering nigh.
Yea, leave thy best-loved in the shade of Him who loves to bless,
Pour out thy bitter memories, tell o'er thy loneliness:

Fear not but He will point thy heart to secret springs of joy,
Whose light the world may hide from thee, but never more destroy.
It is thy Father calls to thee in every stroke of woe,
Arise! go seat thee at His feet, His holy will to know.

He will not suffer them to want who strive His ear to gain,
And fainting souls that thirst for Him ne'er sought that source in vain.
Familiar thou with grief's low plaint, seek other hearts to bless,
Leaning on thy Belovéd go, on through the wilderness.

But by the wayside ponder oft; grief calleth not aloud,
The whispered wail of broken hearts is still amid the crowd.
Watch patiently; some dying one may long thy peace to know;
Be thine the hand to lead him where the living fountains flow.

Though careless eyes will only read tear channels on thy face,
The light thy Saviour's smile hath shed some sinking soul may trace;
And he shall listen to the words that Jesus taught to thee,
"Weary and heavy laden, hark! He whispers, 'COME TO ME.'"

PSALM CXXI.

I WILL lift up mine eyes
To mine everlasting home,
Unto the Lord my God,
From whom mine help doth come.

My help is from the Lord,
That heaven and earth hath made;
The path on my right hand
His mighty arm will shade.

No evil power shall move
The foot His care doth keep;
Behold ye, Israel's God
Doth slumber not, nor sleep.

He suffereth not the sun
To smite thee through the day;
The terrors of the night
Before Him flee away.

He shall His own preserve
From every threatened ill,
Wandering or homeward bound
The Lord shall guard them still.

Yea, Israel's sons will God
To Israel's rest restore;
The Lord their souls shall bless,
Now and for evermore.

THE WRECK.

"There was no more sea."—Rev. xxi. 1.

N the shore of the blue Atlantic is a wailing of wild despair:
O mourners! why weep by the waters for treasures that rest not there?
Each dash of the roaring breakers sounds sad as a funeral knell;
The sob, and the shriek, and the struggle, seem borne on the billowy swell.

Yet dwell not alone on the parting, let memory return to the years
When your tenderness soothed the sad-hearted—your hand dried the sorrowful tears,
When one goal and one hope on your pathway alike their glad promises shed:
Our God is the God of the living—then mourn not the living as dead.

Were your wanderers alone, then, forsaken—unheard on the angry wave?
Unseen by thy Saviour, who raiséd the dead from the bier and the grave?
Not lost in the ocean's dark caverns the loved of your household sleep,
But above, in a halo of glory, their watch with the angels keep.

Afar from the strife and the terror, secure in our Father's home,
O'er the waste of the world's wild waters they wait for their loved to come.
No trace of their meek endurance o'ershadows the freed ones' brow;
No dank hair entangled with sea-weed, as ye picture the parted now.

But smiles light their calm, sweet faces; love beams from each tender eye;
And fair, as it twined round your fingers, the bright golden tresses float by.
Hush! "Quell thou thy murmurs;" they whisper, "We sin not, we sorrow no more;
We would soothe you, beloved, could you listen, till earth's passing anguish were o'er.

"Thy Saviour hath rest for the weary; He heedeth the soul's faintest prayer;
Ere the desolate utter, 'Lord, hear me!' the God of the mourner is there.
Oh watch! let your light, then, be burning! none know when His coming shall be;
In the kingdom of God in its glory—there—there shall be no more sea."

Then on with a noble courage, unfurrow the grief-knit brow;
Could ye see but the band of the blesséd, rejoicing in freedom now,
Ye would join in the song of the Seraph, nor hopelessly weep by the wave,
But trustfully give back the treasures our God in His mercy once gave.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

"I am the Good Shepherd, and know My sheep, and am known of Mine."
JOHN x. 14.

DOWN in the pleasant pastures,
Beside the waters still,
Behold the Shepherd leadeth
His little flock at will:
Gently, oh, gently guiding
The way His sheep must go,
Still onward to the Fountain
Where the living waters flow.

The stranger's voice they heed not,
When he seeks their ear to win,
And never can a robber
To the sheep-fold enter in.
No hireling is the Shepherd,
For He His watch will keep;
'Tis He alone who giveth
His own life for His sheep.

And all His own He knoweth,
He calleth them to come;
O'er distant hills they hear Him,
And so He draws them home.
Though the way be set with briers,
Though the narrow path be steep,
They know His word of warning,
And the Shepherd knows His sheep.

Though shadows gather o'er them,
The night they do not fear;
In the silence and the darkness
His voice they still can hear.
Though the tempest rave around them,
The wintry wind be cold,
They know His care surrounds them,
Safe sheltered in the fold.

If the wild wolf's voice affright them,
By the Shepherd's side they keep;
For He who watcheth o'er them
Will slumber not, nor sleep.
The heedless sheep may wander,
He sees the wanderer's track;
O'er the mountain, through the valley,
He will fondly lure it back.

With tenderness He cleanseth
The fleece from every stain;
Binds up each wound, and raiseth
The weary one again.
With no harsh blow He greets it,
For all the pains it cost;
With smiles of love He meets it,
And but for Him 'twere lost.

If a wayward lamb He findeth,
Doth He coldly stand aloof,
Or meet the little trembler
With voice of stern reproof?
With gentle words of welcome
Doth the Good Shepherd come,
And bears it in His bosom,
With fond rejoicing, home.

And other sheep He owneth,
  Wandering from Him afar;
He, the Good Shepherd, knoweth
  Where all His loved ones are.
The blessed day is dawning,
  That day by Him foretold,
When they shall own one Shepherd,
  Safe sheltered in one fold.

HYMN FOR SUMMER.

"The pastures of the wilderness do spring, for the tree beareth her fruit; the fig-tree and the vine do yield their strength. Be glad then, ye children of Zion, and rejoice in the Lord your God."—JOEL ii. 22, 23.

WHERE'ER I rest mine eyes, O Lord,
  I trace Thy love, Thy power;
'Tis imaged in the glorious skies,
  'Tis writ in every flower.

The fragrant grass beneath my feet,
  The bird that skims the air,
The breeze that gently fans my brow,
  All these Thy love declare.

The valley rich in golden grain,
  The glittering lake and rills,
The grazing herd in fertile mead,
  The wild deer on the hills,

These answer to Thy fostering care;
  Then can it ever be,
That I mistrust the guardian hand
  That saves and succours me!

In hours of loneliness and dread,
Be this my constant shield:
It is my Father's love that tends
The lilies of the field,

That toil not for their glorious garb;
And He, with tender care,
Feedeth the wild bird's callow brood:
Will He not hear my prayer?

Great is Thy mercy! Thou hast taught
My wondering gaze to see,
In every simple flower that blooms,
Some welcome boon from Thee:

In silence of the midnight hour,
The stars upon their path,
In ocean with its mirrored depth,
Its melody or wrath.

As the bright bow first fondly placed
For trembling souls to view,
Thy pledge of love that cannot fail
Of promise ever true,

Thy voice is breathing to my soul
Beneath the forest shade;
And oft I pause to bless Thy hand
That hath such beauty made,

And yet more curiously hath framed
The wondrous mind to scan
Each glorious thing that Thou hast made
To minister to man!

ASLEEP IN JESUS.

"Weep not; she is not dead, but sleepeth."—LUKE viii. 52.

LIFE'S fever-dream is over: on her breast
Fold her fair hands as though she calmly slept;
With tender touch close ye her eyes to rest.
Oh, blesséd thought, her last tear hath been wept!
Scatter the blossoms lightly on her bier,
Still leave their blushing glories on her brow;
Lovely to them who gaze upon her here,
But poor to all that meets her vision now.
God in His tender care our loved one keepeth;
Mother, look up! she is not dead, but sleepeth.

The little lamb, O Father, Jesu holds
Safe from the prowling wolf and life's alarms;
He gave His life for it, and now He folds
The timid trembler fondly in His arms.
The gentle dove was brought with many a prayer,
Albeit too closely to thy bosom prest;
The Saviour, as He marked it fluttering there,
Hath fondly raised and placed it in His breast.
So with the ripened grain the bud He reapeth:
Father, look up! she is not dead, but sleepeth.

Oh, gently lay thy heart's rich offering down,
In fearless faith, on God's own altar now;
Say, had ye scorned for her an earthly crown,
With fading fame to deck thy darling's brow?

She is not dead; for Christ doth live for ever.
As when He stood the ruler's child beside,
Speaking the words of hope, and failing never
In faithful love o'er them for whom He died,
Still to the mourner's heart He comfort speaketh,
"Fear not, believe: she is not dead, but sleepeth."

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

"Thou shalt call His name JESUS; for He shall save His people from their sins."—MATT. i. 21.

SWEETLY through the vault of heaven
Floats the angels' joyful song:
"Hail, the Eastern Star hath risen:"
Earth, the blessed sound prolong!

See, He comes, the Holy Stranger!
Not in palaces of pride;
But within a lowly manger
Doth the Prince of Peace abide.

No glad songs of triumph, telling
That the Saviour Christ is born;
He hath sought a humble dwelling,
Of earth's mighty ones the scorn.

Yea, behold Him! scoffer, scorner,
For to sinners doth He come;
With the meek, and with the mourner,
Maketh He His peaceful home.

Blessed echoes floating o'er us,
Sweetly on the soul they swell!
Let us join the angel chorus,
"Now is born Immanuel."

WORDS.

"Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth: keep the door of my lips."
PSALM cxli. 3.
"Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment."—MATT. xii. 36.
"The words of the pure are pleasant words."—PROV. xv. 26.

H, never say a careless word
Hath not the power to pain;
The shaft may ope some hidden wound
That closes not again.
Weigh well those light-winged messengers;
God marked thy heedless word,
And with it, too, the falling tear,
The heart-pang which it stirred.

Words! what are words? An idle breath
That floateth lightly by,
Smiles on the lip from whence it came
In tones of melody.
Yet words have strength to wound or bless,
Though lightly they be flung;
Still writ upon some human heart,
Told by an angel's tongue.

Words! what are words? A simple sound
Hath spells to call the tears
That long have lain a sealéd fount,
Through many mournful years.
Back from the shrouded sepulchre
A word hath summoned forth
A form, that hath its place no more
Among the things of earth.

Words! Heed them well. Some whispered tone
Hath yet a power to fling
A shadow on the brow, the soul
In agony to wring;
A name, forbidden or forgot,
That sometimes unawares
Murmurs upon our wakening lips,
And mingles in our prayers.

Oh, words, sweet words! A blessing comes
Softly from kindly lips;
Tender, endearing words, that break
The spirit's drear eclipse.
Oh, are there not some cherished tones
Deep in the heart enshrined?
Uttered but once, they passed, and left
A track of light behind.

Words! what are words? Ah! know'st thou not
The household names of love?
The thousand tender memories
That float their graves above?
Buried beneath the world's cold tread,
Yet 'mid the crowd they rise,
And smile, as angel-guests would smile,
With gentle, earnest eyes.

Thou hast been blest, if never bent
Thy head in anguish low
To hide the trembling lip, the tear
One word hath caused to flow;
Striving in vain to mask the pain
Veiled by thy silent pride,
While faintly smiled the blanching lip
That strove the pang to hide.

But oh! more blest if memory bring
No record from the past,
When careless word or glance of thine
A withering shadow cast;
If no loved one hath sorrowing wept,
When through the quivering soul
Thy bitter words went echoing
Like thunder's sullen roll.

God's high and holy dwelling-place
Those words went floating by,
And still the echo wanders on
Throughout eternity;
And in the silence of the heart
Their whisper still is heard:
O Jesus, with thy precious blood
Blot out the idle word.

Are there no words that from the fount
Of life and blessing come,
Cheering the sorrowing soul with love,
And leading wanderers home?
O Christ! write Thou Thy words of peace
Upon my heart, and be
The guard of each winged messenger
That upward flies to Thee.

PSALM CXXXVII.

APTIVE, by Babylon's bright streams,
We sat us down and wept,
And on the willows hanged our harps:
The songs of Zion slept.
O Zion! there we thought of thee,
Yea, wept for thee aloud;
Our captors called for mirth from hearts
In heavy sadness bowed.

"Sing us of Zion's joyful songs,"
The taunting victor cries.
How shall we sing in stranger land,
O Lord, Thy melodies?
Though my right hand forget her skill,
My tongue for ever be
In silence bound, Jerusalem,
I will remember thee.

Remember Edom's children, Lord,
O Lord, remember them
Who cried, "Down with it to the dust,"
Our fair Jerusalem.
Daughter of Babylon, for thee
Destruction draweth nigh,
As thou hast servéd us, so thou
Shalt waste in misery.

LIFE'S LINKS.

"Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven."—MATT. v. 44, 45.

WITH each soul, upon its birth,
Mingled links of love are born;
Some are knit to coarser earth,
Some by spirit forms are worn.
Myriads watch our nightly rest,
Guarding us with holy care,
Yielding, at our Lord's behest,
Gentle guidance everywhere.

Some on earth will softly flow,
Cheering oft the weary soul;
Others drag the spirit low,
With a giant's fierce control.
Strengthen thou, by love and prayer,
Links that draw thee to thy home;
Coarser ones with patience bear,
Winning other souls to come.

For the fetters fall away
As thy freedom draweth nigh,
Melting 'neath the glorious ray
Of the Saviour's purity.
Not one link is granted thee
So bright, but thou mayst make it dim;
Not a fetter shall there be,
But thou canst make it bright for Him.

Though thy troubled spirit sinks
'Neath the weight which galls thee sore,
Scorn not thou those heavy links;
Jesus bore them all before.
He hath borne them! and shalt thou
Weeping tread the self-same road,
When He walks before thee now,
Bearing all life's heavy load?

Doth some heart with thine entwine
In one holy sympathy?
Oh, raise not an idol's shrine,
Guard God's temple jealously.
Falter not, with home in sight;
Songs of joy the exile greet:
Wouldst thou keep thy fetters bright?
Lay them at the Saviour's feet.

THE BORDER LAND.

"My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?"—Psalm xlii. 2.

ATHER, on yon shadowy shore
Thou awhile didst bid me wait;
I could almost hear the song
Floating through the golden gate.
Life seemed lying 'neath my feet;
Closer, Lord, to Thee I drew;
For my spirit, half unrobed,
Yearnéd to be clothed anew.

Then I felt my fainting soul
Filling with a new delight,
On my darkened vision stole
Dawn of day that hath no night;
Thirsting, trembling for the vail
To be wholly rent for me,
That from sin's entangling toils
Evermore I might be free.

O my Father, Thou art wise,
And Thy ways are full of love.
Was I fitted for the joys
Of Thy hallowed courts above?
Though my sad heart inly bled,
Did it bleed alone for sin?
Or o'er broken cisterns weep,
Hidden as a snare within?

Was no faithless fear above,
With its trembling wings to throw
Gloomier shadow on the path
That remained for me below?
Did my hands despairing hang
Weary in the noontide sun?
Did I pine for rest too soon,
When Thy work was scarce begun?

Thou didst call me back to earth:
What Thou willest must be best;
Let that glimpse of glory be,
Father, folded in my breast.
I would learn to watch and wait,
For Thy kingdom still is near,
Where Thy saints communing meet,
Where Thou wipest every tear.

Lord, we long to enter in,
  Ere the battle-field be won;
We Thy crown and throne would share,
  Yet the Cross and shame would shun.
Let me find my strength in Thee,
  Thankful for Thy mercies past;
It will be enough for me
  When I reach Thine arms at last.

Though the earth less fair appear,
  Though the ties that seemed so strong
Hang more loosely on my heart
  Than they ever yet have hung,
Yet, O Lord, Thou dost behold
  Wandering feet, by sin defiled,
And the subtle snares of sin,
  Hidden in Thy wayward child.

Should my weak heart ever pine
  For the joy the world doth yield,
'Gainst the subtle tempter's power
  Be my safeguard and my shield.
Though I wander, yet I know
  Thou canst bless the way I take:
I can let the world go by;
  Thou wilt leave not, nor forsake.

Let me meekly tread the path
  Thou hast marked for me below,
In Thy home of light and love
  All Thy dealings I shall know.
Father, I shall sweetly trace
  Every danger past and o'er,
Warded from Thy weak one's path
  To yon blessed spirit-shore.

Every trial on my way
  Is a message sent by love,
The token of a Father's care,
  Whispering of my home above.
Where the Lamb in glory reigns,
  Where the ransomed martyrs be,
There my lone soul, satisfied,
  Jesus, shall rejoice in Thee.

THE WAYSIDE BEGGAR.

"Blind Bartimæus, the son of Timæus, sat by the highway side begging. . . . . Jesus said unto him, Go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole. And immediately he received his sight, and followed Jesus in the way."
MARK x. 46, 52.

ESUS! Master! hear my cry;
  Save me, heal me with a word;
Fainting at Thy feet I lie,
  Thou my whispered plaint hast heard.

Jesus! Master! mercy show;
  Thou art passing near my soul,
Thou my inward grief dost know,
  Thou alone canst make me whole.

Jesus! Master! as of yore
  Thou didst bid the blind man see,
Light upon my soul restore;
  Jesus! Master! heal Thou me.

IDOLS RENOUNCED.

"What have I to do any more with idols?"—HOSEA xiv. 8.
"What agreement hath the temple of God with idols? for ye are the temple of the living God."—2 COR. vi. 16.

LORD, I have wandered from Thy ways,
And knelt at stranger shrine,
And called another name "beloved,"
And nigh forgotten Thine.

So faithless I—yet Thou, unchanged,
Thy truant child did meet;
Thou wert the refuge from the storm,
The shelter from the heat.

The feeble reed on which I leaned
A sword of judgment proved,
And pierced the soul that wandered far
From Him whom still I loved.

Jesus! who, 'midst the songs of joy
That echo round Thy throne,
Pleadest the prayer that riseth here
From me, Thy weakest one;

Behold mine idols, perished all!
And where I mourning stand,
I lift my contrite heart to Thee,
And bless Thy chastening Hand.

Fill Thou their place; oh, purify
My soul from every stain;
And be that temple, cleansed by blood,
Thy dwelling-place again.

Search Thou my heart. If in its depths
A rival Thou dost see,
Shatter the temple; call my soul
In mercy, Lord, to Thee.

THE DAWN OF THE BRIGHTER DAY.

"God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—Rev. vii. 17.
"And there shall be no night there."—Rev. xxii. 5.

H, mourn not for me, for I weep no more;
Death's bitterest pang is past;
On the tears that fell on my thorny way
A rainbow light is cast.
It comes from the smile of my Saviour's love,
A smile that the angels share;
And fair is the land that its light illumes,
Nor sorrow nor tears are there.

Though dark seemed my path to your tender heart,
It was not dark to me;
The shadows that come with the morning sun
At eventide will flee;
For the footprints still where my Saviour trod
Through the valley a glory wear;
They lead to the land where the dawn shall break,
No shadow nor night is there.

THE THRESHOLD.

"I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and be with Christ."—PHIL. i. 23.

"The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another."—GEN. xxxi. 49.

I AM going to my home, dear one;
So dry those tearful eyes
That night by night my pillow watch,
Till morn breaks in the skies.
I am going to my home, dear one,
As the wild bird seeks its nest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

My Saviour's glory in that home
These heavy eyes will see,
I shall behold Him as He is;
My soul pants to be free.
Low at His feet I lay me down,
Trusting His love alone;
For He who saith, "Give me thine heart,"
Rejects no broken one.

I am going to my home, dear one;
Soon must I leave thy side;
Upon the Jordan's banks I stand,
The Bridegroom waits his bride.
The angel Death breaks but the chain
That binds me here below;
Thou wouldst not weep, if thou couldst tell
How glad I am to go.

Couldst thou behold the angel-guards
That keep their watch to-night,
How thy fond heart would welcome too
Each messenger of light.
Through curtain and through closéd door
The radiant strangers come:
Weep no more, dear one,—weep no more;
They wait to lead me home.

Thou canst not see how, night by night,
They crowd this silent room,
Nor how their gentle ministry
Dispels the gathering gloom.
Thou canst not hear the heavenly harps
That sound so sweet to me,
The echo of the holy song,
The new song of the free.

Hang not thy head, clasp not thy hands
Despairing on thy breast;
Look up to God, and thank Him, love,
That I have found my rest.
Cast every anxious care on Him,
His glory be thine aim;
He giveth, and He takes away:
Oh, blessed be His name!

Follow the path we strove to tread,
In humble faith and prayer;
Christ reigns above to succour thee,
And I shall wait thee there.
The prayers we have together breathed,
In absence still may be
The golden link of love, to bind
My spirit unto thee.

Not e'en the bitter cup the Lord
  Hath gently bade me drink,
Nor thorny way before me spread,
  Doth make my spirit shrink;
But from the subtle snares of sin
  My soul would fain be free:
I am going to my Father's house,
  My Father's face to see.

In yon fair land of peace, dear one,
  No wailing voice is heard;
No discord dulls the swelling hymn,
  Nor jars one tuneful chord.
But the martyr army standeth there,
  And the saints from earth so bright,
And a countless band with palms, arrayed
  In robes of dazzling white.

My sad heart looked within, and quailed
  Sin's hateful forms to see;
But Christ stretched forth His faithful hand,
  That hand once pierced for me.
As mists before the risen sun,
  So fled my guilty fears;
That hand upheld my sinking head,
  And wiped away my tears.

He gently bade me rest awhile
  In desert place apart;
The sweet compassion of His smile
  Bore healing to my heart.
And I can trust the saving grace
  That succoured me in need:
He did not quench the smoking flax,
  Nor break the bruiséd reed.

He loveth not with earthly love;
No promise is forgot:
He giveth with a liberal hand,
And He upbraideth not.
He loved me when my idols held
My false heart for their throne;
'Mid the wild din of strife and sin,
He spake in tender tone.

Whilst I forsook Him, wandering far,
How oft he stooped to save:
And sins that man will pardon not,
My gracious Lord forgave.
He lovéd me—He died for me—
Who long that love withstood;
My crimson sins are washed away
In His most precious Blood.

To living fountains Jesus leads
His weary ones, His own;
And day and night their voices rise
Before the great white throne.
Hunger and thirst they feel no more,
For He is ever nigh;
And with His tender hand He dries
The tears from every eye.

There gladdeneth He the mourner's heart;
He calleth each by name,
And gently gathereth them who out
Of tribulation came:
The Saviour, and the thronéd King,
The Sacrifice, the Priest,
The Bridegroom of the waiting bride,
The Master of the feast!

All, all shall come: earth's arms give up
The forms she fain would keep;
The slumbering bodies of the just
Shall break their shrouded sleep.
I am going to my home, dear one;
My soul pants to be free:
I rest upon the Lamb once slain,
For He hath died for me.

SHROUDED BLESSINGS.

"I will lead them in paths that they have not known; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight: these things will I do unto them, and not forsake them."—ISAIAH xlii. 16.

OT only for the light of loving hearts
That cheered my lonely life, I thank Thee, God;
Not for my childhood's home, nor tearless eyes,
Nor pleasant paths of peace my feet have trod;
But that the idols, tenderly embraced
By this weak heart, and falsely called mine own,
Thou didst withdraw, that I in time might learn
To lean upon Thy holy arm alone.
For the sharp reed that pierced this feeble hand,
For thorn-torn feet that Thou alone couldst see,
For the deep fount of tears by Thee told o'er,
I thank Thee, Lord. They brought me nearer Thee.

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

"The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels: the Lord is among them, as in Sinai, in the holy place."—PSALM lxviii. 17.

"There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. For He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."—PSALM xci. 10, 11.

THEY come, the holy legion; at God's command they come,
By heavenly might commissioned, from their bright spirit-home,
To watch o'er paths of danger, and darker ones of sin;
By the world's weed-grown portals their way unseen they win.

And soon the angel-reapers again to earth will come,
The golden grain to gather, and bring the harvest home;
Rejoicing in our gladness, as when to earth they came
Triumphant news to bring us, a Saviour to proclaim.

In thy lone garden, Olivet, their mournful watch they kept,
One fainting heart reviving, whose mystic blood was wept;
And on the mountain fastness, when the tempter hovered nigh,
Around God's spotless manhood they kept their ministry.

From the grave's gloomy entrance they rolled the mighty stone,
And they whose worship hailed Him, proclaimed the Risen One.
Are they not ever near us, the servants of our King,
About our path, around our bed, in gentle minist'ring?

Rejoice they not above us, as they mark each sinner come,
And, God-sent, through the valley lead the weary wanderer home?
From the wild river's margin the reckless step they turn;
With remembered prayers of childhood they touch the soul forlorn;

They breathe upon the captive, as he lays him down to rest,
Sweet visions of the future—the glories of the blest:
To that mournful prison chamber they have not come in vain;
Strengthen thy bolts, O gaoler; but they will come again.

When children, holy angels were round the path we trod;
Our words and works they gathered, and bore them up to God:
Our heedless steps they guarded o'er many a dangerous steep;
They heard our prayers and praises, they smiled upon our sleep.

O man! when pleasure lured thee to the 'wildering haunts of sin,
They stayed thy erring footsteps ere thy sorrow could begin;
Brought back a father's blessing, a mother's holy kiss,
And thy moist eye, upraised to heaven, woke songs of thankfulness.

O mother! by that night-watch, once timed by tears and prayer,
God's watchers round thee hovered, and God Himself was near.
They raised the fair young spirit thy humble heart resigned,
And bore it from thy bosom, but they left new faith behind.

Forsaken one! who weepeth in thy dwelling, dark and lone,
About thee crowd the bright ones that sing before the throne.
Christ, of that host the Captain, thy fainting soul is nigh;
Weep not for lost affection 'mid that glorious company.

On yon pallet gaze, O scoffer! and behold a good man die:
A smile his lip illumeth; there is rapture in his eye.
For the promised land he longeth; Christ is not strange to him;
Ah! the pearl of price he holdeth, to which thy gold is dim.

And tenderly the angels will lead him to the gate
Where He, the Bridegroom, welcometh the little and the great.
Back to the world, O scorner! and con the lesson o'er,
And pray to God to lead thee to peace and hope once more.

How sweet is your commission, ye servants of my King,
I own your holy service, and your gentle minist'ring;
I praise Thee, Lord of heaven, Thou thus dost guard my way,
And charge Thy holy angels to keep me night and day.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

"Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in Thy sight."—MATT. xi. 26.

"CHRIST, who the mourner's plea
Never hast scorned,
In my grief look on me;
Thou, too, hast mourned.
Coldly my prayers, O Lord,
Rose in my woe;
But, by Thy holy word,
Faithful art Thou.

All of our loved are gone
Home unto Thee;
Leave but this little one,
Father, with me.
Thou, Lord, of mercy rife,
Hearken my prayer;
Look on my shadowed life;
Spare, Father, spare."

Hark! on the heavy ear
Soft voices come.
"Mother dear, dry the tear,
Let him come home.
Weep not. The bird hath fled
Back to its nest.
Weep not the blossom shed
On Jesus' breast.

Take the cup, kiss the brim,
(Christ drank before thee,)
Safe rests thy babe with Him,
Home in the glory."
"Lord, bid my feeble hand
Slacken its hold,
Gather Thy little band
Back to the fold.

Thine was the gift adored;
Bend Thou my heart;
Sad is the anguish, Lord,
Thou knowest, to part.
'Let them come,' Thou hast said;
So let it be,
While the lone path I tread,
Looking to Thee.

Do Thou Thy holy will,
While by Thy side,
Under Thy shadow, still
Let me abide."
Tears that at sorrow's source
Frozen had lain,
Now in their silent course
Trickle again.

Lower the mother's head
Bends o'er her child,
Light o'er each face is shed;
Angels have smiled,
Beckoning the spirit where
Jesus hath gone,
Bearing the mother's prayer,
"Thy will be done."

THE SEALED BOOK.

"Understandest thou what thou readest?"—Acts viii. 30.

ENLIGHTEN my dark mind to read aright,
O Thou, who art the Light, the Truth, the Way,
Be Thou the Pillar through the gloomy night,
The Cloud to guide me to the brighter day.
Speak! for Thy servant heareth; bid Thy word
Draw me to Thee, encourage, or reprove;
Incline my heart to do thy will, O Lord,
And on its tablets trace Thy words of love.

THE SOUL'S COMMUNINGS.

"I opened to my Beloved; but my Beloved had withdrawn Himself, and was gone: my soul failed when He spake: I sought Him, but I could not find Him; I called Him, but He gave me no answer."—Sol. Song v. 6.

WHY weep'st thou, daughter, in the dust?
Why from thy happy rest afar?
Is He, then, changed who won thy trust;
Changed, as thy songs of triumph are?

Say, hast thou wandered from thy Love,
And dost thou mourn His face to see?
Oh, cast a glance of faith above,
And gaze on Him who died for Thee.

Arise! and from the bonds of sin
His hand of love shall set thee free;
His wounded hand shall let thee in,
To live with Him who died for thee.

Away! away! why brood'st thou here?
Christ hath redeemed thee with His blood;
All things are thine: why shouldst thou fear?
For thou art Christ's, and Christ is God!

The world! seek not thy Lord therein,
For with the proud He hath no part:
The humble soul He dwells within;
His home is in the contrite heart.

Oh, hope inspired, divinely sweet,
Thy loved Incarnate Lord to see;
To cast thy crown at Jesu's feet,
And live with Him who died for thee.

The angels veil their dazzled sight,
And worship low with folded wing.
Arise! and bathe thee in the light,
Where lives and reigns thy heavenly King.

O Soul! thou hast but Him below;
O Lord! in heaven I ask but Thee:
There shall I all Thy glory know,
And live with Him who died for me!

THE WANDERER.

"Is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well."
2 KINGS iv. 26.

WHERE is he? Where the summer buds are springing,
Down by the rivulet, in childish play;
Through the warm air his blithesome voice is singing,
Waking the echo with his mirthful lay.

See! slumber o'er the weary child is creeping,
Pillowed on his fair arms the flowers among;
His parted lips still smile, as though in sleeping
He dreamed of heaven, and heard the angels' song.

Where is he? On the rivulet is flowing,
But the child's little hands are idle now;
The daisies on the grassy mound are growing,
And he—that blue-eyed boy—doth sleep below.

Ah no! Too fair for earth's most drear embraces,
The silver cord was loosed—all love was vain,
And, shaking from his wings the world's dark traces,
The wandering dove returned to heaven again.

Where is he now? The ministering angels near us,
Encamped around our path, his bliss can tell.
How is it with the child? O Saviour, hear us!
To our sad hearts He whispers, "It is well!"

THE STAR OF THE DEEP.

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee."—ISAIAH xliii. 2.

LORD, when the waves of sorrow rage,
Oh, save me from despair;
And let me, as in sunny ways,
Still trace Thy goodness there.
Teach me to feel that Thou art nigh,
In sickness and in woe;
That Thou dost mark each smothered sigh,
Each hidden grief dost know.

Thou who didst will my wandering bark
Amid the rocks to strand,
Speak to my sinking heart: to me,
O Saviour, stretch Thy hand.
There is no hope, no rest, O Lord,
In this dark world, save Thee,
Thou Anchor of the tempest-tossed,
Thou Beacon on life's sea.

Thou who didst tread the stormy wave,
When all around was dark,
Stretch forth Thy hand of tenderness,
And save my sinking bark.
Oh, let me hear Thy "Peace, be still,"
My fainting spirit warm;
Up, Lord, I perish! let Thy word
Still save me in the storm.

Teach me to trust Thee, though the way
I may not always see,
And bless the very storms of life
That bring me nearer Thee.
Thy promises I hold secure,
Whatever ill betide;
Dark is the wave, but Thou hast said,
"On to the other side."

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

"Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."—MATT. xviii. 3.

SAVIOUR! hear a little child,
Who knows not how to pray;
On earth Thy face, so meek and mild,
Was never turned away.

The children gathered to Thy breast
Have found a blesséd home,
Where safe from every sin they rest:
Oh, suffer me to come.

I ask Thee for a heart to try
To please Thee day by day;
Thy love, to lead me back, when I
From Thy commandments stray.

Do Thou, O Lord, my sins forgive,
The sins that wound Thee sore,
And teach me every day I live
To love Thee more and more.

THE MINISTERING SPIRIT.

"Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith."—HEBREWS xii. 1.

SPIRIT of my absent one!
Absent only for a day,
Till my work on earth is done,
And the vail shall pass away:
Shall I weep thee, loved one? No!
I remember thou art blest:
Better far that thou shouldst go
To thy holier, happier rest.

Thou, by Christ beloved, redeemed,
Thou, my dove, that from the ark
Fluttered forth (an hour it seemed)
O'er the waters wild and dark,
Bringing messages of love,
That our blind eyes would not see;
Then thy spirit soared above,
Where we could not follow thee.

There thou livest safe from sin,
Thou whom Jesus died to save;
When He smiled and let thee in,
Glory broke upon the wave;
And while gazing on thy track,
Upraised eyes behold the light
Gentle radiance flinging back,
Though it shrouds thee from our sight.

Through the floating clouds I trace
  Visions of thy vesture fair,
And a smiling seraph face
  'Mid the green palms waving there:
Branching palms that once were laid
  On the path thy Saviour trod,
Now re-echo overhead
  With hosannas to our God.

Though I long to gaze on thee,
  Bright from realms where Christ doth reign,
Could I bear that face to see?
  Could I wish thee back again?
No, my loved one! I would choose
  Rather for thy loss to sigh,
If one glory thou must lose,
  Than behold thee ever nigh.

Not for me suspend the psalm,
  Not for me lay by the crown;
If my prayer could fan thy palm,
  Not for me thy palm lay down.
Though thy ministry of grace
  This coarse vail of earth may hide,
Though I cannot see thy face,
  I shall feel thee at my side.

I shall know that thou art come,
  But to whisper me of God,
From thy happy spirit-home,
  On the path we might have trod.
Oh! thou art not dead to me,
  Only passed the vail within:
Gone thy Saviour's face to see,
  Sheltered safe from every sin.

Nearer to His heart I press;
As I there in faith abide,
I shall learn thy happiness,
I shall praise for all beside.
Heavenly hosts, a mighty throng,
Welcome sinners as they come;
When they raise the joyful song,
Spirit blest, wilt thou be dumb?

Canst thou hear our sorrow's plaint?
Mark our triumphs as we go?
Catch the song that sounds so faint
From our murmuring lips below?
Hymns of praise 'mid angels rise,
And the thought my sorrow calms;
High above the sapphire skies
Sound the whispers in the palms.

Faint the murmur they may stir,
Woke by sigh or sobbing breath;
Yet the Holy Comforter
Every tear interpreteth.
Thou, O Lord, that lookest down
On our warfare, Thou canst see,
That by foes encompassed round,
We have here no stay but Thee.

Lord, with Thee alone is rest;
Wilt Thou in Thy temple dwell,
Not as some sweet, passing guest,
But as One belovéd well?
Bring Thy heaven to my heart,
And its silent chambers fill;
Let all other joys depart,
So that Thou art with me still.

THE VOICE OF LOVE.

"We have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence: shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of spirits, and live?"—HEBREWS xii. 9.

"COME thou into the sunlight, child; the pleasant pastures roam;
Wander the water-course beside; listen, my loved one—come."
The morning shed its rosy rays, and earth chimed forth, "Rejoice,"
When bounded forth a little child who knew his Father's voice.

"I come, my Father; yes, I come to do Thy will, to be
Obedient to Thy voice of love, that bids me follow Thee;
I long to see the summer fields, and sing the songs of home;"
And the glad child warbled as he went, "Dear Father, I am come."

He sat him down beneath a tree, whose golden fruit was fair,
And many a wayside traveller the young feet guided there.
He showed the fount that sprang beneath, and parched lips on him smiled:
Men journeyed on, and mutely blessed the Father of the child.

Weeping, the listening wanderers heard the artless tale he told,
How once on desert sands he too had wandered from the fold;
How, helpless, wounded, and alone, no danger could he stem,
And the Shepherd's hand that healed his wounds could save and succour them.

He told them of that land of light, where thousand harps were strung,
Where nothing evil enters in, where songs of joy are sung;
Where, robed in garments glistening white, the happy children dwell.
But on the noontide floats a voice, the young child knows it well,

"Come o'er the distant hills with me, home I would lead thee now;
Ungathered leave the fruit, unbind the garlands from thy brow:
Unto thy rest return, my child, for danger lurks around;
Thou must not wander far from me, my lost so lately found."

"My Father! no, it cannot be that Thou dost bid me go,
From these still streams and pasture lands, by paths I do not know.
Let me rest here; the way is drear; Thy face I cannot see."
"Fear not, O little child, for still thy Father leadeth thee."

"O Father, let me linger yet, it was so fair awhile."
The child looked downwards through his tears, and missed his Father's smile.
"Forsake me not! oh, wilder still the wilderness doth grow!"
"Child, when I called thee forth to play, how gladly didst thou go!"

"But is it needful I should pass this gloomy vale along?
How can my weak arm ever ford the river deep and strong?"
"Look not, my child, upon the wave, nor mark the shadows steal;
It is enough, O little one, thy Father's arms to feel.

"He leaves thee not, beloved one, He guides thee through the gloom;
Deep calleth unto deep, but still the billows bear thee home.
No shadows there—young pilgrim, none! no grief, no sin, no pain;
And these rough rocks thou climbest now thou shalt not see again."

The child stretched forth his feeble hands, one upward glance he gave;
Nor looked upon the gloomy strand, nor wept beside the wave;
He listened for his Father's voice amid the waters' roar,
And on the margin of the stream the child was seen no more.

But on the river hushed to rest a golden pathway shone,
As holy feet had left a track the way the child had gone;
And songs of sweet solemnity rang softly through the gloom:
A clear young voice rose o'er the rest, "Dear Father, I am come!"

CALVARY.

"When they were come to the place which is called Calvary, there they crucified Him."—LUKE xxiii. 33.

BOW me down at Calvary,
Dark clouds around me rise;
I hear a multitude pass by,
My soul within me dies.

What cruel hands have twined the thorns
That press that guiltless brow?
Whose voice hath dealt the scoff and scorn?
Oh, mourn, my soul; 'twas thou!

I bow me down at Calvary,
I see those galling bands,
And with a thrill of agony,
Behold His piercéd hands.

"My God! my God! oh, why hast Thou
Forsaken me?" The cry
Still through the wide earth echoes now,
From mournful Calvary.

I bow me down at Calvary,
The mighty thunders roll,
The curse of sin falls heavily
Upon the sinless soul.

From the pale lips of faithful Love
Pardon and peace go forth;
My Saviour lifts His gaze above
The harsh betraying earth.

Mourn—mourn, my soul! lo, for thy sin
The sinless One hath died,
Pardon and peace for thee to win,
For thee and all beside;

Who, gazing on the Lamb once slain,
To God in faith draw nigh,
And, cleansed from every sinful stain,
Rest upon Calvary.

THE BURDEN-BEARER.

"I am the door: by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture."—JOHN x. 9.

"Trust ye in the Lord for ever: for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength."—ISA. xxvi. 4.

AKE thy rest in Jesus;
Bring thy weight of sadness;
Brightest beams His beauty
In the darkest days:
To thine heart rejoicing
In its first-born gladness,
Jesus is thy portion;
Let Him be thy praise.

Take thy care to Jesus;
Doubt not! He will heed thee,
Shield thee from temptation,
Heal thy burning smart.
Oft, in tender pity,
That pierced hand hath freed thee,
And upheld thee, fainting,
On His faithful heart.

Take thy grief to Jesus:
All the pangs that pain thee,
All the snares enslaving,
Here thou mayst confess;
In the open Fountain
Cleanse the sins that stain thee:
He who sought thee wandering
Doth not love thee less.

Live thy life in Jesus!
Empty hands, and weakness,
Sinful sloth, and service,
Still for Jesus call:
Go, perplexed and weary,
And, in lowly meekness,
With Jehovah-Jesus
Leave it—leave it all.

Trust thy heart with Jesus,
'Tis the same sweet story;
Trust it fully, freely,
And thy care is gone.
In the Lamb once bleeding
See the Lord of glory,
And behold the Word made Man
Upon the Father's throne.

THE SOUL'S LONGINGS.

"I stretch forth my hands unto Thee: my soul thirsteth after Thee, as a thirsty land. Hear me speedily, O Lord: my spirit faileth; hide not Thy face from me. Quicken me, O Lord, for Thy name's sake."—Ps. cxlii. 6, 7, 11.
"That which I see not teach Thou me."—Job xxxiv. 32.

LORD, I fain would learn Thy will, and the world's dark ways forsake:
I have no strength, and I am blind. Oh, lead me in the path I take.
Faltering falls my feeble step, though I fain would follow Thee;
Draw me with the cords of love: what I see not teach Thou me.

Let Thy Holy Spirit seal upon my soul Thy pledge of love;
Let me know that I am Thine; let me all Thy riches prove.
Saved from sin, oh, let me walk in Thy blest adoption free:
Tell me, Lord, am I Thy child? What I see not teach Thou me.

'Tis Thy promise, Lord, I plead, for Thy costly work is done;
Thou for sin of mine wert slain; hear and save, Thou living One;
Cleanse me white as driven snow, though my sins as scarlet be:
Wondrous depths of priceless love! What I see not teach Thou me.

Grant Thy Spirit to reveal treasures hidden in Thy Word:
Shall Thy soldier shrink in fear when he holds Thy well-proved sword?
Thou wilt guard him in the fight, till his foes before him flee.
Weak my hand, and faint my heart: what I see not teach Thou me.

Holy Spirit, haste to shed light upon my struggling soul!
Dangers daunt me every step, yet I pant to reach the goal;
I am watching for the day, longing, waiting, Christ, for Thee.
Lord of knowledge, light, and love, what I see not teach Thou me.

Make me patient, lowly, meek, softly walking in Thy way,
Heeding when I hear Thee speak, loving, learning, day by day;
Let me work or suffer, Lord, and adore each wise decree
Thou hast traced in lines of light: what I see not teach Thou me.

Perfect me, O love divine! Hasten Thou, for daylight dies,
And I watch to catch the dawn breaking in the eastern skies;
Midnight hours have darkest deeds, then the day must nearer be;
Satan lurks in angel guise: what I see not teach Thou me.

Thou hast called me from the dead, Thou hast washed me in Thy blood,
Quicken me with heavenly light, guide me, Jesus, through the flood;
Seal and sanctify Thine own, take me home to dwell with Thee,
There, in realms of fadeless bliss, what I see not teach Thou me.

THE SIN-BEARER.

"The Lord shut him in."—Gen. vii. 16.

IF I look within, O Lord,
I am lost in my despair;
If I seek for rest around,
Only sorrow meets me there.

Wandering feet and faithless heart,
These are all that I can see;
Fix my vagrant gaze above,
Let me find my rest in Thee.

O'er the water-floods I go,
Sheltered in Thy Ark awhile,
Soon to see the shadows flee
'Neath the glory of Thy smile.

One the door—the window one,
Opening only to the sky;
Christ within, and Christ above,
Christ around eternally.

Safely o'er the waters wide
I can sail the world around:
Jesu's hand hath closed the door,
And my rest in Him is found.

THE BLESSED DEAD.

"To this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that He might be Lord both of the dead and living."—Rom. xiv. 9, 10.

WEEPING, we leave our blesséd dead,
And rest upon the Word,
That, absent from the body, they
Are present with the Lord.

Shall spirit sleep? Shall it lie down
The deep dark grave within?
The only rest the spirit seeks
Is changeless rest from sin.

Shall not the soul that sought Him here,
And loved His will to do,
Spring forth, rejoicing in its strength
To serve the Lord anew?

Those stammering lips, that weakly strove
To sing her Saviour's praise,
Shall they be dumb, when round the throne
Angels their voices raise?

Shall she lie down in dull repose,
When Christ in Heaven doth live?
Severed from her belovéd Lord,
She would but watch and grieve.

How could she sleep so far from Him,
That slumbered not before,
But strove to reach Him in the chains
The prisoned exile wore;

Longing to put the fetters off,
And, trusting in His Word,
Be clothed upon, and rise to meet
Her long expected Lord?

Say, will the friends who side by side
As heaven-ward pilgrims trod,
Here one in Christ through weal and woe,
Be severed when with God?

Shall parents who have fondly brought
Their child to Jesu's feet,
And walked the self-same path to heaven,
No more their darling meet?

Trust in the Lord, poor weeping one,
Lift up thy tearful eyes;
For in thy heavenly home thy loved
Soon shalt thou recognize.

So Moses and Elias stood
On Tabor's sacred height,
In sweet communion with their Lord,
Garbed in their heaven-caught light.

And He, the holy risen One,
His loved disciples joined,
While sorrowing o'er the sepulchre
They lately left behind.

Canst thou not trust that Love to which
All other love is dim?
Seek thou the glory of thy Lord,
And leave the rest to Him.

THE WHITE-ROBED SAINTS.

"Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty, they shall behold the land that is very far off."—ISAIAH xxxiii. 17.

"He will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces."—ISAIAH xxv. 8.

WHO are they whose songs are sounding
O'er the golden harps above?
Hark! they tell of grace abounding,
And Jehovah's sovereign love.

Who are they that keep their station
Round the great eternal throne?
They from earthly tribulation
To their heavenly rest are gone.

See their robes of dazzling whiteness,
Without blemish, spot, or stain;
See their crowns that grow in brightness,
Purchased by the Lamb once slain.

Never heat shall beat upon them,
Thirst nor hunger reach them there;
He, whose life from death hath won them,
Bids them now His glory share.

Feeble hearts are nerved for duty,
Faltering feet now firmly stand;
Palms of heaven's unfading beauty,
Mark earth's once despiséd band.

'Tis the Lamb of God that leads them,
And they serve Him night and day;
By the heavenly fount He feeds them,
He hath wiped their tears away.

Sweet their theme! 'Tis still, "Salvation
Unto Christ the Holy One!"
And their sighs of tribulation
Change to songs around the throne.

THE VIGIL.

"When my heart is overwhelmed, lead me to the rock that is higher than I."—PSALM lxi. 2.

FATHER, my cup is full!
My trembling soul I raise;
Oh, save me in this solemn hour,
Thy might and love to praise.

Father, my cup is full!
But One hath drunk before,
And for our sins Thy face was hid,
When the bitter draught ran o'er.

Father, my cup is full!
But Thou dost bid me drink;
I know Thy love the chalice mixed,
And yet I faint—I shrink.

Alone He drank the cup,
The holy sinless One.
That not one soul on earth again
Should drain the dregs alone.

Father, forsake me not!
O Christ! I look to Thee,
And by Thy midnight agony
Do Thou remember me.

THE SHEPHERD OF ISRAEL.

"Thou art my refuge and my portion in the land of the living."
PSALM cxlii. 5.

LORD, Thou art my Shepherd!
Every hour I prove
How Thine arm upholds me
With Thy faithful love.

In Thy pleasant pastures
Thou hast made me lie;
Still the crystal waters
Thou dost lead me by.

Oft my soul restoring
When thy love I see,
In thy paths of mercy
Gently guiding me.

Death's dark vale of terror
Hath by Thee been trod;
I will fear no evil
With Thy staff and rod.

Thou hast spread a table
All my foes before,
And my cup of blessing
Daily runneth o'er.

Goodness, Lord, and mercy,
Mark Thy gracious ways;
In Thine house for ever
Let me sing Thy praise.

THE SINLESS HOME.

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."
PSALM XXX. 5.

LORD, though I weep, my voice I raise;
But soon the dawn shall rise,
When I Thy glorious name shall praise,
No more with streaming eyes,
Within a sinless home.

This earthen vessel trembling thrills,
Nor can Thy love record;
Its very depth Thy fulness fills
With wine Thy hand hath poured,
Wine—from my sinless home.

Oh, Thou alone my soul can know,
To Thee its depths belong;
Dry Thou the tear-drops as they flow,
And let my broken song
Rise in my sinless home.

The blossoms seem to bend in prayer,
When morning breaks anew;
And still Thy glory they declare,
Though heavy with the dew,
Far from our sinless home.

The bow of promise in the skies
Its glorious tribute rears,
And yet its thousand radiant dyes,
Inwoven, Lord, from tears,
Tell of our sinless home.

As Thou dost bid the sunlight shine
O'er nature's weeping face,
So do Thou let each tear of mine
Reflect Thy love and grace,
On to my sinless home.

Soon wilt Thou break this prison-cage,
Where I have lingered long;
Then will I sing from age to age
A joyful, tearless song,
Safe in my sinless home.

THE UNSPEAKABLE GIFT.

"See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh. For if they escaped not who refused him that spake on earth, much more shall not we escape, if we turn away from Him that speaketh from heaven."—Heb. xii. 25.

FREE flows the Fountain: though as scarlet,
By countless sins, thy soul is dyed,
They shall be as the snow; though crimson,
Behold thy Substitute supplied.
Jesus died.

Hear, live, arise! for Christ hath risen;
Eat, drink! for He that hunger gives;
Feed on the Living Bread from heaven:
The feeblest child His strength receives.
Jesus lives.

The door of refuge standeth open,
Still flows for thee life's purple tide;
The Lamb of God thy place hath taken:
Behold His hands, His feet, His side.
Jesus died.

EVIL ANGELS.

"Fear not; for they that be with us are more than they that be with them."—2 KINGS vi. 16.

"They shall fight against thee, and shall not prevail against thee; for I am with thee, saith the Lord, to deliver thee."—JER. i. 19.

STRETCH forth Thy hand, O Lord of hosts. Behold,
Thy people have their holy birthright sold
For mess of pottage. As of old, arise!
Angels of darkness lurk in every guise
Upon our path, and seek to lure us hence,
And win from us our bright inheritance.
In crowded mart, in home's familiar scene,
Yea, in Thy very temple, Lord, between
The Saviour and the soul, there oft glide in
The subtle tempters with their snares of sin.
In the still chamber, where we weeping spread
Our grief before Thee, stealthily they tread;
We feel the withering shadow of despair,
And cold distrust comes whispering in our prayer.
Our way is set with pitfalls. We are weak;
But Thou art strong to save. Wilt Thou not speak,
And cast them forth, as when on earth Thy word
Bade them depart, and they Thy mandate heard?
Open our eyes, O God, that we may see
Thine own bright angel host, that mightier be
Than all who fight against us. Though the rage
Of our great foe doth with Thy people wage
Unceasing warfare, Lord, we look to Thee,
The Captain of Thy glorious host to be.
The distant hills with flaming chariots gleam,
The darkest valleys with Thy legions teem;

In crowded street, the vessel, and the mart,
And home, where oft the unsuspecting heart
Throws by its armour, still around us stand
The unseen watchers of Thy radiant band.
As the bright seraphim that ceaseless guard
Our forfeit Eden with the flaming sword,
So turn their swords, so guard us home again,
Where Thou, our Saviour and our King, dost reign.

THE GOOD PHYSICIAN.

"Lord, help me! . . . Then Jesus answered and said unto her, O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt."—MATT. xv. 25, 28.

WHAT treasures hast Thou, Lord, for them who seek!
Food for the hungry soul; and for the weak,
Strength that shall make the Shepherd's simple sling
Mightier than Giant's spear; a healing spring
For every wound; a balm for every care;
Scrip, staff, and sandal—faith, and hope, and prayer.
We bring to Thee our loved ones: Christ, look Thou,
As when on earth, on those before Thee now,
Folded within our hearts; words fail to tell
Our deep fond yearning, but Thou knowest well
All we would ask Thee. Heal them with a word!
Sight for our blind! Life for our dead, O Lord!
Oh, gather Thou the wayward wanderer home!
Say to the lost one, "Come," and he shall come.
Thou wouldest none should perish; but the day
Is waning fast, and still behold they stray.
Speak, Lord! The deaf shall hear Thy blessèd voice;
Stretch forth Thine hand, our drooping hearts rejoice!
Greater than all our sins Thy mercies be:
Lord, hear our prayer! We trust our loved to Thee.

"GO IN PEACE."

"Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more."—JOHN viii. 11.

CHRIST hath said He will receive me:
Sure the message soundeth sweet;
I, a sinner, Lord, believe Thee,
Lo! I cast me at Thy feet:
Bid my feeble faith increase,
I await Thy "Go in peace."

I no costly unguents offer;
What have I wherewith to part?
Nothing but the woes I suffer,
And a bruised and broken heart:
Not the tears that dew Thy feet
Make me for Thy mercy meet.

All I have—my sins—I lay them
At the cross where Thou hast died;
Nor with frail excuse array them;
They my Christ have crucified!
Sins that long Thy love withstood,
Blot them, Saviour, with Thy blood.

"Go in peace." Oh, who shall sunder
My glad heart from that behest?
Let the cold world scoff and wonder
That the scorned is loved and blest:
Nought my weary soul alarms,
It is safe in Jesu's arms.

He hath snatched me from my prison;
Shall I mourning pass my days?
Nay, I know that Christ is risen,
And my tongue shall tell His praise:
He hath wiped my streaming eyes,
By His life I too shall rise.

He the wolf-torn lamb hath taken
From the deep pit dark and drear;
Father—mother—hath forsaken,
But the Shepherd still was near;
And He cleansed the stainéd fleece,
Yea, He bade me "Go in peace."

Peace! Thy peace! the full salvation
That Thy ransomed ones receive;
Peace amid earth's tribulation,
Rest that Thou alone canst give:
Mine inheritance I see,
Peace on earth, and heaven with Thee.

Thou Redeemer, Father, Spirit,
Let me 'neath Thy wings abide,
And Thy promised grace inherit,
Gazing on Thy bleeding side:
Sin and woe for me shall cease,
Thou hast bade me "Go in peace."

THE FAITHFUL MESSENGER.

"Now our Lord Jesus Christ Himself, and God, even our Father, which hath loved us, and hath given us everlasting consolation and good hope through grace, comfort your hearts, and stablish you in every good word and work."—2 THESS. ii. 16, 17.

GIRD up thy loins, be shod with peace, nor let thy light be dim;
Go forth, God's messenger of love, and speak, oh, speak of Him!
Safe 'neath the shelter of the cross, whatever grief betide,
Tell of the sinless Lamb of God thy sin hath crucified.

Oh! make us meek and patient, Lord, while looking up to Thee;
Thy guiding hand we would not miss, whate'er Thy will may be.
Still make Thy faithfulness our theme, our sweetest song Thy name;
We know, while all is changing here, that Jesus is the same.

So draw us as we journey on, sweet Saviour, to Thy breast,
Seeking Thy counsel on our way, sharing Thy heavenly rest.
Thus shall we climb the mountain path, and meet the swelling flood;
Loved with an everlasting love, washed in Thy precious blood.

We know we have a dwelling-place that daily nearer grows,
We have a Friend awaiting us whose love no mortal knows,
A blest abiding Comforter, a Father very near:
All things are His, all things are ours—the feeblest need not fear.

We fear not: all shall work for good; yea, loss, and tears, and death:
Cold falls the snow upon the sod, and flowers lie hid beneath.
The fadeless dawn shall break, and then what meetings will there be!
What singing of the summer birds! what songs for thee and me!

Christ keeps thee, thou joint-heir with Him:—glad be thy song of praise.
Yea, though He lead thee to the fight, and give thee darksome days,
He leaves thee not, nor loves thee less; our Rock unshaken stands:
Broken for thee His heart, thy name is graven on His hands.

Oh! let salvation's joyful sound 'mid all thy trials flow;
Tell of that pleasant path of peace the ransomed people know;
Gird up thy loins, watch for the day, nor let thy light be dim;
Go forth, God's messenger of love, and speak, oh, speak for Him!

THE WILDERNESS.

"I am not alone, because the Father is with me."—JOHN xvi. 32.
"Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."
MATT. xxviii. 20.
"Behold, I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her."—HOSEA ii. 14.

I HAVE been in the wilderness, but it was sweet to be
E'en in a desert land, O Lord, when there allured by
Thee.
Shadows obscured my far-off home, the road was dark and chill;
Thy voice broke on my solitude, "Lo, I am with thee still."

Oh! didst Thou to the wilderness my faithless footsteps guide,
To teach me in Thy presence, Lord, I nothing lack beside?
Though each new day its danger brings, new strength Thy love
doth lend,
"Lo, I am with thee always, child; yea, even to the end."

Unto "the end!" Oh, promise sweet! It is enough for me;
Where'er my pilgrim footsteps tread, there will my Saviour be.
Oh, welcome then the wilderness! Christ all its paths hath
known;
His little ones He will not leave to tread those paths alone.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

"Because Thy lovingkindness is better than life, my lips shall praise Thee."
PSALM lxiii. 3.

SAD heart, hast thou no joys to number?
No blesséd hope thy song to raise,
To warn the souls who round thee slumber?
Is Christ thy portion? Rise and praise!

Praise from the captive freed is meet;
Praise to thy heavenward path belongs;
And midnight music sounds most sweet,
When God, thy Maker, giveth songs.

Why on *thy faith* so feeble dwelling?
Why weep thy hope that waxes dim?
Praise for *His love* thy bosom swelling,
Shall bring thee, mourner, nearer Him.

Fear not the foes that gather round thee:
Jehovah's Shepherd holds thee fast;
And He who in the desert found thee
Will bring thee to thy rest at last.

So let thy sadness end in praising:
Too long thy harp hath silent lain;
Sing! on thy Lord's perfection gazing:
The praise of one makes joy for twain.

SUBMISSION.

"Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."—2 Cor. iv. 17.

LORD, I strive to murmur not;
Thou, I know, hast fixed my lot,
But my foolish heart will moan.
Pardon Thou these earth-born tears,
Let these few fast fleeting years
Be Thine alone.

Father, if it be Thy will,
Let the cup be bitter still,
If it keep me at Thy feet.
Only let me feel a ray
Of Thy presence on my way,
And all is sweet.

Feeble praises, Lord, I bring,
Yet Thy mercies I will sing,
Great and manifest to me:
Then my sorrows, numbered up,
Seem but blessings in the cup
Bestowed by Thee.

"A REFUGE FROM THE STORM."

"Through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by Him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses."—Acts xiii. 38, 39.

CHRIST the Lord hath risen!
He who died to save thee;
Leave thy sin's dark prison,
Take the life He gave thee.

Hear, believe, and live:
Hark! He speaks from heaven,
"Freely I forgive:"
Freely be forgiven.

"Sin's black roll is long,"
Jesu's blood hath paid it;
And His love, how strong!
He Himself hath said it.

"Whosoe'er" ye be,
Come, and doubt Him never;
And your ransom see
Paid, and that for ever.

Canst thou give Him aught
But thy sin and sorrow?
See, thy robe is wrought:
Wait not for to-morrow.

Whispers in the Palms.

Give Him all thy past;
Canst thou make it better?
From the first to last
Thou must be love's debtor.

All thy future leave;
Bring thy hopes that languish,
Bring the sins that grieve,
And thy hoard of anguish.

Come, thou longing soul,
Jesus will not chide thee;
He hath made thee whole,
In His robe He'll hide thee.

Take thy happy rest;
He that rest hath given:
Leaning on His breast,
Learn the joys of heaven.

London: Morgan and Chase, 38, Ludgate Hill.

WORKS BY ANNA SHIPTON,

AUTHOR OF

"WHISPERS IN THE PALMS."

UNIFORM WITH "WHISPERS IN THE PALMS."

THE BROOK IN THE WAY. A volume of Original Hymns and Poems illustrative of the Christian life. WELL SUITED FOR A PRESENT. Beautifully printed on toned paper and elegantly bound, 3s. 6d.

"They are songs of the heart, and will be read with greatest pleasure by those who live nearest to Jesus."—*Christian World.*

"Well named! Most refreshing to the soul are these musical gems of Christian poetry."—*The Rainbow.*

"A very beautiful book—to the eye and to the mind. It is elegantly printed and tastefully arranged, but the contents are worthy. The series of Hymns and Poems here presented is a string of pearls, such as a true Christian only could give us.....A work alike honourable to the pen, the head, and the heart of the authoress."—*Evangelical Christendom.*

"A beautiful book; and contains many pieces which cannot be read without a satisfaction higher and purer than that which mere poetry imparts."—*Christian Witness.*

"Piety and poetry are delightfully combined in this new volume of Anna Shipton's.....We have been much pleased with the book. It is elegantly printed and tastefully bound, so as to form an appropriate gift-book."

Wesleyan Times.

NEW EDITION, ENLARGED.

"TELL JESUS:" Recollections of Emily Gosse. Printed on toned paper. Enamelled covers, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.; cloth, gilt edges, 2s.

[*Also, a Cheap Edition for distribution, price* 6*d.*]

"In this delightful narrative of Christian experience we have an example of working for Jesus and being happy, of suffering bodily affliction and being happy, and of dying and being happy."—*Wesleyan Times.*

"Will be read with interest by all who care to know more of a character of the rarest and most beautiful Christian type."—*Christian Work.*

"A life spent in loving, intimate, and uninterrupted communion with a personal Lord. We have read the book with deep interest."

London Christian Times.

FOLLOWING FULLY; or, Giving up All for Christ. An illustrative Narrative founded on fact. *With Frontispiece.* Cloth neat, 2s. 6d.

CONTENTS.—"Forward." Conflict. The Bivouac. A Day's March. The Recall. Home Reached.

"I have endeavoured to use this brief narrative as an illustration of following the Lord fully. I have not chosen imaginary characters or faultless models, but some whose mission has been accepted and blessed."—*Preface.*

"A beautiful and touching narrative, showing how those who would follow the Lord fully, must be ready to deny themselves—take up the cross daily—and they shall in no wise lose their reward."—*Evangelical Magazine.*

[SEE ALSO OTHER SIDE.

LONDON: MORGAN & CHASE, 38, LUDGATE HILL:

And may be ordered of any Bookseller.

WORKS BY ANNA SHIPTON.

AUTHOR OF

"WHISPERS IN THE PALMS."

SECOND EDITION.

"SAVED NOW;" or, Pardon and Peace. A True Narrative of the Grace and Mercy of God. Enamelled covers, 4d.; cloth neat, 6d.; cloth gilt, 8d.

"This simple narrative, illustrative of the power of the Word of God, when applied by the Holy Spirit, is adapted to great usefulness."
Illustrated Christian Times.

"A remarkable history."—*The Rainbow.*

SMALL BOOKS by Anna Shipton. In a Packet, Price 1s.

This Packet contains the seven books undermentioned.

SECOND EDITION.

LIZZIE'S LAST PLACE. A True Narrative. Enamelled covers, Price 2d. 13 copies for 2s.

"Will be read with interest by young women entering upon, or already engaged in, the active duties of life."—*Illustrated Christian Times.*

SECOND EDITION.

THE GREAT WHITE HOUSE. A Narrative. Enamelled covers, 2d. 13 copies for 2s.

"A touching little story, exhibiting the Providence of God in relation to the believing poor of His flock."—*The Rainbow.*

SECOND EDITION.

CHRISTINE; or, Broken Communion. Enamelled covers, 3d.

"SHE NEVER SPEAKS OF HIM;" or, Wayside Ministry. Price 2d. 13 copies for 2s.

THIRD EDITION.

EVERLASTING FLOWERS; or, My New Year's Gift. Enamelled covers, 1d. 13 copies for 1s.

SECOND EDITION.

A WEDDING FEAST. Enamelled covers, 1*d.* 13 copies for 1s.

THE NEW PITCHER. Enamelled covers, 1*d.* 13 copies for 1s.

LONDON: MORGAN & CHASE, 38, LUDGATE HILL:
And may be ordered of any Bookseller.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

0 014 546 041 4